# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## A SPIRIT WHISPER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY C. H. CRESWELL.

Surely some spirit whispered thou wert near!
I saw thee not—thy voice I did not hear—
Thy step was noiseless, and no rustling sound
Came from thy garments—neither on the ground
Were traces of thy feet. How could it be
That I should know thee near, nor hear, nor see?
Thy shadowed form did not to me appear—
Surely some spirit whispered thou wert near!

Surely some spirit told me thou wert nigh!
Told me thy well known form was passing by:
How else should I have felt that thrill so sweet,
And yet so sad into my heart retreat.
What caused my frame to tremble, and my cheek
To change its hue? mine eyes a form to seek
To them invisible? I can but sigh—
Surely some spirit told me thou wert nigh!

Surely some spirit whispered thou wert there—
Thou, with the beaming eyes and soft brown hair—
Thou, with the noble form so full of grace—
Thou, with true goodness beaming from thy face—
Thou, for whose presence I so long have sighed,
Thou, only thou, my friend, my heart's best pride.
Why did I feel thy presence fill the air?
Surely some spirit whispered thou wert there!

*Brooklyn, L. I.*

## THE RULING PASSION.

### OR, STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH.

BY EDWINA BURBURY,
AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE SACKVILLE," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER II.

"Beware!
He is a man to fear, to dread,
And shrink from.
As a foul reptile, crawling 'mid the grass,
Conceals with its venom whatso'er it touches;
That man will poison all within his reach.
Therefore, beware!"—*The Lost Bride.*

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive!"—*Scott.*

Dinner, with all its weary state and pomp, was over at Shirley Court, and the guests and family assembled in the drawing-room.

Beside a piano stood the cousins and George Conyers, and on a couch at the opposite end of the room sat Lady Shirley and a gentleman, to whom my readers have not yet been formally introduced.

He was tall and muscular in figure, with intensely black hair, beard, whiskers, and moustache; small, deep-set, bead-like eyes, exceedingly restless and suspicious in the glances they constantly cast round and round as if in fear or expectation; a stern, cruel mouth, and hard, yellow complexion.

This most unprepossessing individual was the Count Orsini, the Italian refugee; the rightful heir (as he said—and there was no one of Shirley to contradict him), of all the vast possessions, honors and titles of the celebrated Orsini family.

And it was in right of this position that the Count, although now an almost landless man, of very limited means, found himself domesticated among the Shirleys as the favored suitor of their rich and only daughter. Indeed, it was of her he now spoke, when, raising his head at the conclusion of one of her most brilliant songs, he said,

"Yes, you are right; Miss Shirley has a most superb voice. Only Italy, glorious Italy, is capable of producing her equal! Ah, my dear madam! would that it were possible for me to transport you to that divine land, the home of all that is noble and lovely—to the marble palaces of my illustrious ancestors, the unequalled galleries, the wondrous skies—then indeed you would sympathise with my enthusiasm, and feel what exile from such a country must be."

"Ah, that would be indeed a pleasure! Yet I doubt if anything could make us enter into your feelings more warmly than we do already. It was but to-day that Julia—dear girl, you would scarcely believe what a sensitive heart she has—wept herself almost ill when reading the sufferings of one of your heroic ancestors. Had it been yourself, you could not have felt more deeply."

"Probably not," answered the Count with a strange smile.

"No, indeed! I assure you it would have been impossible. I was quite affected myself when I read the book, and have scarcely recovered it yet."

"Then I would never read it again, dear aunt," said Beatrice, who, while passing by in search of a book, overheard Lady Shirley's last words, and playfully answered them. "Books that leave such painful impressions behind must be very dangerous."

"Not always. But now go, my love, and relieve Julia; she has sung a great deal, and I wish to hear you."

"In a moment; but first I have a request to make. Dare I do so now?"

BEATRICE LYLE.

"Certainly, and I shall be happy to grant it."

"Thanks, dear aunt; although it is not from you I am about to beg, but from Count Orsini."

"From me?" And the sharp eyes turned their keen glances upon her face. "From me?"

"Yes. But ere I do so, will you, too, like my aunt, promise to grant my prayer? I think you would, if you knew how very anxious I desire success."

"So we do all, no matter what the object of ambition may be; but anything that affects so fair a lady must of necessity—"

"So fair also? No, you are wrong in this instance! No lady, fair or dark, is in this case; simply a man-servant."

"A man-servant? Of mine?"

"Yes; and my mission is to seek his pardon for some offence long since committed, and, I trust, forgiven!"

"His name?"

"Stephen Milward!"

"Ha!" replied the Italian, with a violent start. "Is he here—have you seen him?"

And with a sudden and burning glow upon his face, his fierce eyes flashing redly, he bent forward as if he would almost seize her, and compel or strangle her reply.

"Have you seen him?"

Beatrice was about to relate her adventure frankly, when a glance at the countenance before her warned her to be cautious; and she said, with affected playfulness,

"It is scarcely gallant to interrogate me so closely. A lady gives not the whys and wherefores of her petitions; enough that she condescends to make them!"

Orsini made a wrathful gesture, his white teeth gleaming savagely, as he said,

"This is no subject for trifling: Stephen Milward disobeyed, insulted, injured me! The last I could forgive; the first, never! Where is he?"

"I cannot tell!"

"Not tell; and yet you are his messenger!"

"Possibly; but that does not necessarily imply I know my employer's whereabout. When you receive letters, do you always know where the writers are?"

"Pshaw!" and he stamped his foot. "This is folly! You know where the scoundrel is, and I must know, too!"

"Very well: let us make a bargain, then. You grant me the pardon I ask, and I will give you all the information I can!"

"No, I cannot accept the conditions!"

"Oh, yes, do—do! Why not?"

"*Because I never pardon, and he knows it!*"

"Never pardon! How, then, can you hope for pardon?"

"I do not. I neither hope for, nor desire it. Whatever I do, I do deliberately, knowing the consequences, and so did he."

"They have been greater, more terrible and ruinous than he thought, and have brought the helpless and innocent to death! For their sakes, then, who cannot have offended you; for the sake of that mercy you *must* one day seek, show it him now, and save him from despair."

"Not if lifting this hand would do it. He has his life; more than many another has under similar circumstances. Let him be thankful; and as he would continue to preserve it, avoid thy presence, and all mention of my name."

"But—"

"Pray be silent, Beatrice, and press the subject no further," interposed Lady Shirley. "The Count must be the best judge of the man's deserts. I only wonder where on earth you picked him up. But"—turning apologetically to Orsini—"you must forgive her; she is very young, and girls are so apt to be indiscreet."

"Would to heaven the world was peopled with such indiscretions; it would be a far happier, better place," said Mr. Conyers, in a low voice to Beatrice, as, distressed and disappointed, she moved away, tears glittering in her eyes. "I heard and saw the whole scene in the garden, and honored you now, and then, with all my heart."

"You do not think her an impostor, nor me too pertinacious? I did so pity her!" and the ready tear fell at the unexpected sympathy.

"Certainly not! You have said no more than every good woman pleading in the cause of mercy should, and you ought to have succeeded. For the rest, if you have any plans for the woman's future—victim as she seems to be of two wretchedly bad and selfish men—and I can aid them, command me. I shall feel raised in my own estimation, by being permitted to be useful."

"Thank you—oh, thank you!" And lifting her glorious eyes to his, Conyers, for the first time, became aware of their wondrous beauty. "Then you will let me speak to you again, and consult you on the subject, for, as my aunt says truly, 'I am very young, and very indiscreet.'"

What was there in these words, so simply, gullessly spoken, to send such a strange light to Conyers' face, to excite feelings he had never known before, and chain him to the spot, gazing after the retreating speaker when she had passed away?

*He* knew not, although another did, who, presently emerging from a recess where, accidentally concealed, she had heard all, revealed the sahy features of Julia Shirley.

For one moment she stood, her hands crushed together, her livid countenance distorted with agony, her eyes glaring upon the unconscious figure now leaving the room; then drawing a hissing breath through her closed teeth, and shivering from head to foot, she also departed.

An hour later in the evening she returned, to find the whole party congregated by the moonlit fountain, eagerly engaged in discussion.

"Exquisite! charming!" were the first words she heard, uttered by her mother to the Count. "It must be a perfect paradise!"

"A half-ruined one."

"So much the more picturesque. Positively you must take us."

"I should be only too happy to do so; but consider, madam, a bachelor's household!"

"Is all sixes and sevens, of course—everybody knows that; but we don't go to see the servants, only the place. I had no idea it was so delightful; and now I feel as if I could not rest until I explored its beauties."

"Which only exist in your imagination, I assure you."

"But how can we credit that, after the glowing description you have given us; endless halls, endless corridors, mirror—"

"Suggested, and tumbling to pieces."

"Perhaps so; but offering sufficient shelter for a few nights, and abundant objects of interest for many days; sketches in which Julia delights, and—"

"But there are no women servants! Half the house is unfurnished."

"Never mind—there are chairs and tables, I dare say—a few beds; and, for all else, I will send two or three servants in advance with pic nic provisions, &c., to assist your people."

"By no means—by no means—I could not allow it, I would rather not!" cried the Count, excitedly.

"Oh, very well!" said Lady Shirley, drawing back with an offended air. "Of course, if you do not choose to receive us, the matter is at rest. We can have no wish to *force* ourselves upon your hospitality."

"Nay—nay, my dear lady," exclaimed the unhappy man, anxiously, alarmed lest he had fatally displeased one he was so desirous to propitiate—"you are cruel—unjust! What possible reason can I have to demur to your flattering proposal but anxiety for your comfort, and a fear that in my poor refuge you should too greatly miss the elegance and luxuries of this splendid place?"

"Oh, if that is all, we are willing to bear the penalties of our presumption. Ah, Julia, is that you? I am glad you are come. Count Orsini is just inviting us to visit him at Cliff Castle. Delightful! is it not?"

"No, no!" persisted the Italian, making a last effort to ward off the invasion; "it is Lady Shirley's invitation, not mine. I cannot take the responsibility of your discomfort upon myself. Besides, the place is haunted—servant after servant leaves it, unable to endure the mysterious and often fearful sights and sounds; and that is one and the greatest reason, why the castle is in such a deplorably desolate condition."

"Haunted!" said Julia, in a low, soft voice, glancing first at Mr. Conyers, to see him absorbed in watching Beatrice, then fixing her eyes almost tenderly on the Count. "That is an additional reason why we should desire to go. I have no fear of supernatural beings, and under your protection I am sure we need have none of earthly ones. You will take us in?"

George Conyers paused in the reply he was making to Beatrice to listen for the Count's answer. Julia saw it, triumphed, and repeated gently,

"You will not refuse us?"

"If you desire it, how could it be possible? Though, indeed, I do wish you would reconsider the matter; or, at least, wait until I can make the place worthy the honor of receiving you."

"No, not a day. I am impatient of an hour's delay. Come, mamma, let us all return to the drawing-room and arrange the expedition. Count, will you put on this shawl? I have entangled it in some way."

A low, lover-like reply, to which at any other time Julia would have rebelled openly, and against which her heart sickened even at this moment; and then, accepting Orsini's arm, she left the terrace with her well-pleased mother.

During the rest of the evening, Julia Shirley, despite all the civilities of his hostess, and his own anxious desire to ingratiate himself with Julia, remained so gloomy and taciturn, that Lady Shirley, accepting his excuse of a severe headache, broke up the party at an early hour, and the household retired.

No sooner, however, had the Italian reached his chamber than he summoned his valet, and in a few seconds the man stood before him.

Long and eager was their low-toned conference—many and anxious the questions asked and answered; and at last, the master exclaimed,

"Now, away, and ride for your life! Hed Robin is in the stable; take him, and be back here ere the sun is three hours old! It can be done, and, it must, even if the horse dies! Remember—" And, leaning forward, he whispered a few words below his breath.

The man grew pale as death. Cold drops of perspiration stood on his brow, and he shivered from head to foot.

The Count smiled, then nodded carelessly, repeating, as he played with a pistol-case on the table,

"*Remember! at any cost! at any cost!*"

* * * * * * *

Meantime, while Orsini and his servant, Pietro, were conversing thus secretly and mysteriously, Beatrice Lyle sat quietly in her own room in the opposite wing of Shirley Court.

She had passed a long and exciting day, and now, thoroughly wearied out, sank into an arm-chair, and strove to think, collectedly and rationally, upon all that had happened since, early in the morning, she had quitted Leigh Abbey—her dear, her childhood's home.

Gradually, as she pondered upon her meeting with Lucy Milward, and the strange story she had told—upon her cousin's evident coldness, and the almost as evident falsehood of her aunt's warmth, the people and circumstances became blended together, and confused. Lucy Milward looked up to her with Julia's cold eyes and icy smile; the Count Orsini, decorated with Lady Shirley's Parisian coiffure, decked her head with roses; and at last, as might be expected, "tired nature" asserted her right to indulgence, and her "sweet restorer" claimed Beatrice as her own.

How long she slept is uncertain, but a slight noise at her side, aroused her from her uncomfortable doze, and, starting up in a bewildered terror, she found the toilette candle half burned out, and her maid (in earlier days, her nurse) standing opposite.

"Oh, Susan, how you frightened me!" she said, passing her hand wearedly over her brow. "What time is it?"

"Near upon two, miss. I'm sorry I disturbed ye; but when it got so late, and ye didna ring, I began to be afeerd something had happened to ye."

"No. I sat down, and fell asleep, and might have slept all night, if you had not come. I am so tired."

"Yes, indeed ye well may be! Ye've had a trying day; and this noisy, whirligig place isn't like the dear, quiet, auld Leigh Abbey."

"Tired it is not! And the old object heavily.

"No, nor my lady isn't a bit like your own dear mother. It may be fancy, but I do feel so eerie like, as if something unnatural were going to happen to us here. I wish we hadn't come."

In her inmost heart, Beatrice echoed the pessentiment and the wish; but knowing to own her weakness even to her faithful attendant, said, gayly,

"Nonsense, Susan, you must not fancy things. I am sure every one will be very kind to us. But what's that you have in your hand? A letter? Where did you get it? how did it come?"

"Now, Susie, don't put yourself about—don't be scared. It's from Mr. William."

"William Shirley?"

"Yes; he gave it me to-night, when I was walking out in the course of curiosities, my lady's maid, looking at the moonlight. She stepped a minute for something to other, and I walked on; and then, who should pop from behind a great tree, but Mr. William Shirley, with this note in his hand! I thought I should have dropped."

"And no wonder. How can he be so mad, so ingrate! If he is seen hanging about the house, all will be lost!"

"So I told him."

"And what did he say?"

"That he couldna help it—that he was half wild, and must see yer bonny face again, before he ventured upon a meeting in the presence of his father and mither."

"Cruel! How little self-command men have! Why cannot he be patient? If we are once suspected, there will be no chance. What is to be done?" And tearing open the little note, Beatrice eagerly perused its contents.

They were as follows:—

"Dear Beatrice,

"I must see you by some means or other, else I shall go mad! Come into the garden, to-morrow morning at six, and let us arrange something.

"Yours ever, W. S."

"Alas, alas!" said the girl, sinking back again into her seat, and covering her face with her trembling hands. "Where will all this end—these clandestine meetings, and this wretched secrecy? Oh, with what joy shall I hail the hour that sees us free to confess all!—when once again I may lift up my head without fear, and feel that there is no secret, however just and righteous, to weigh it down. But as yet there seems no hope—no hope!"

"It is getting cauld, bairnie," said Susan, at last, tenderly; "and thinking will do na gude, only make you ill. Come to bed."

"Yes, by and by; but I have something to do first. I will not keep you up, though. Good-night! and call me to-morrow at five o'clock."

"Five! and it's half-past two now?"

"Yes; but I've had a good deal of sleep already. I shall not be tired. Don't say anything. Don't object; it will be useless. Good-night! I depend upon you!"

Without another word, which she felt would be idle, but with a look of affectionate pity, Susan retired; leaving the young orphan once more alone with her own sad thoughts, and the little pencilled note.

This, Beatrice read over and over again, and then holding it up to the flame of a candle, watched it blaze for one moment, and crumble into a little heap of ashes.

### CHAPTER III.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven
Upon the plain beneath; it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest.

* * * * * * * *

It is an attribute of God Himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

—*Merchant of Venice.*

The sun was already high in the heavens, although the dew yet lay on grass and flower, and the rich scent of the sweet summer blossoms filled the air, when a young than cautiously opened the wicket that led from the high road into the pleasure-gardens of Shirley Court.

He advanced carefully, winding in and out of the shrubberies and plantations, like one who knew well every inch of ground over which he passed, until he reached a wide, trellised walk at the back of the house. Here the intruder paused, glanced round, then fixed his eyes anxiously upon the long lines of closed windows before him, not one of which displayed the smallest sign of life.

For a little time he waited patiently, then began to pace up and down restlessly, murmuring, "Which is her room—which is her room? What an idiot I was that I did not ask!" And following his thought, he stooped

...ly, and the rustling walk ...ight; the bright, open eye darkened, ...and a red, fever flush came up on the dark cheek.

...ferent thoughts stirred in his breast, as, ...ing out his watch, while the tarret ...ders rang out, he muttered,

"What can this mean? Surely she cannot intend to refuse! Oh, if she did so, I do, she would not—"

"What, William?"

And a small, fair hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a low, gentle voice spoke by his side.

"What, William? I know you are talking of me."

"Not now—not now!" he cried, starting. "Now you are come, all is right. But how late you are!"

"Nay, I am punctual to the minute; no small merit, for I was very tired."

"Of course—and I forgot it, selfish brute that I am! Come here into this arbor, and rest!"

"No, no! I must not stay; these meetings are very dangerous. In a little time the house will be alive—indeed, many of the servants are about now; and if we should be seen, all would be lost."

"I know it," replied the young man.

"And yet you risk it. Oh, William!—is this courage or indifference?" demanded the girl.

"You ask?—you, who know that I would give up life itself rather than my hopes!—Ora!"

"No; only prudent."

"Prudent! It is too late to talk of that now! I am mad—mad with love and anxiety! And there you stand, cold—cold as this gravel, and talk of prudence!"

"For your own sake. For mine, you know how gladly, joyfully I would cast aside all concealment, which, however you may doubt it, makes me utterly wretched."

"I know it does, and that you are an angel—an angel—and I am—"

"A lover; and therefore not always rational. Well, I must forgive you, I suppose. You do look very miserable."

And Beatrice laid her little white fingers upon his brow, and smoothed away the heavy tossing curls.

"I am, and I see no end to it. Oh, Beatrice, what am I to do? I cannot, will not go on thus! Only say one word, and I will dare everything!"

"And lose it. No; be patient a while longer until I have made some progress with them, and paved the way for a disclosure; till then, control yourself."

"Do they speak of me?"

"Not much."

"At all?" he asked.

"Yes: your mother and Julia talked of you last night, and drew a flattering picture of your personal attractions."

"Little thinking who had seen them last!"

"Alas, no!"

"You sigh—you repent? Oh, let me speak!" exclaimed William.

"No, no! not for my sake—not for me shall you bring destruction on yourself. I can bear it a little longer, although"—and she passed her hand over her eyes—"it does oppress me sadly. At the Abbey I did not feel it, but now—"

"You suffer. I might have known you would. Fool—selfish fool that I have been, to allow you to be placed in such a position!"

"Hush, hush!" she whispered eagerly, putting her hand upon his lips, and drawing him away among the shrubs. "Hush, some one comes!"

Then followed a sound of footsteps, a murmur of voices; and the young people crouched down amid the bushes. A moment of agonized suspense succeeded; then the intruders, whoever they were, retreated, and again all was silent.

Pale as marble, and trembling in every limb, Beatrice emerged from her concealment, and resting her head against William's arm, murmured entreatingly, "Now, do go, for my sake! Think, if I should be seen, no one knowing the truth, what will be said, thought of me! Be generous, and go."

"I will, this moment; only let me see you better—less faint. Oh, that I should have brought you to this! I hate—I—"

"Hush, hush! I am not ill—only frightened. Once assured of your escape, unseen, I shall be well, quite well."

"How shall I know it?"

"A few hours more, and you will see for yourself."

"Yes; but in the presence of others, without the power to speak one word, ask one question, more than the veriest stranger."

"We must meet as such."

"Impossible! I cannot do it!"

"You must! If I can, surely, surely you can!"

"No. You do not feel as I do. You are so calm, and good, and self-possessed, while I am not—how can I restrain my passion you cannot understand. While you are here I am strong; but when you are gone, or I have to assume and bear myself to you as others do, I shall be frenzied."

At this moment a window above was suddenly thrown open, and the head of Count Conyers appeared; or that, without daring to ...another word, William shrank back ...the trees, and Beatrice fled to the ...

...ed him, and, in the utmost ...

...ed to Julia, who, ...

...ed, "How delightful—how very good of him! William is coming home to-day."

"William?"

"Yes. Read that." And she handed her the letter. Notwithstanding the many obscurities, how, Beatrice, how, I shall be able to...dure my lot by you."

"Thank you; I shall be most happy," replied the girl indifferently, handing her hand low, and cutting the bread and butter upon ...plate into little squares of a perfect uniformity; feeling rather than seeing that the Count's eyes were fixed upon her with a puzzled expression. "I shall be very glad to see him."

"I am sure you will, and that you will like him, too: every one does. He is an universal favorite."

"Yes, I have heard so," said Beatrice, with wonderful composure, carrying one of the carefully-shaped morsels to her lips.

"Ah, indeed! Who from?"

Beatrice, suddenly aware of her indiscretion, crimsoned painfully.

Lady Shirley saw it, interpreted the blush to her own satisfaction, and nodding good-humoredly, continued, "Well, well, I won't ask questions."

"For goodness sake, let us have no mysteries," cried Julia, pettishly. "When is he coming?"

"You know as much as I do, having his letter. Directly, I suppose."

"Indeed! Mr. Shirley seems rather precipitate in his movements," observed Ormisl.

"It is a family characteristic. We all do things in haste, to repent of them at leisure," answered Julia.

"Well, at *any* rate, that is better than not repenting at all," said Beatrice.

"You think so?"—and a baleful light shone in the elder girl's face—"you think so? Yet, while there are some people who never repent, there are others who have no time to repent in. Take care you are not among the last, as I certainly am among the first."

"I hope not, for indeed I have much to repent of."

"You acknowledge it?"

"Certainly; but why do you speak so sternly? Have I given you any offence of which I ought to repent?"

"Ask your conscience."

"Julia?"

"Well, what?"

"Are you angry with me?" And the speaker's eyes dimmed. "What have I done?"

"Nothing. Pshaw! what a child you are! But I suppose you know how becoming unshed tears are in black eyes."

And with a scarcely suppressed sneer, the speaker rose, while Beatrice, inexpressibly hurt, only bent her face still lower to the table; while Lady Shirley, who had heard nothing of the sparring, went on talking gaily to the Count.

Two hours after, a young man, mounted upon a high-mettled steed, galloped up to Shirley Court.

It was not the first time he had been there that day; for as he sprang from his saddle and ran up the steps, it was easy to recognize in him the mysterious visitor of the morning. This time, however, he walked straight into the drawing-room with the air of a master, and throwing his cap and whip upon a lounge, waited the appearance of some of the family.

Lady Shirley was the first to enter; and with an expression of real joy and affection lighting up her keen, worldly features, she greeted her favorite child, repeating over and over again her delight at seeing him.

"You have been so long absent, and your letters so few and brief," she said, holding his hand tenderly in both her own, gazing the while lovingly upon his open, honest face—"that I had begun to fear I knew not what. And now that you are come, you look far from well."

"Do I? Perhaps because I am tired. But where are my father and Julia?"

"Somewhere about. They will be here directly. But now sit down beside me, and tell me what you have been doing all this time."

"Oh, fifty—a hundred things!" replied the young man, with a nervous laugh. "Getting into debt—falling into love—"

"No—no! Not that, I hope," interrupted her ladyship, anxiously.

"Why not?"

"Because—but never mind—lads will flirt, I know; and a handsome fellow, like you, would have plenty of encouragement."

"All ladies do not see with your eyes, mother."

"I think I know one who will." And she smiled significantly.

"Ah! you excite my curiosity."

"Patience, and I will gratify it. Only do as I tell you."

"Suppose I can't?"

"You must. Surely, you can trust me!—trust your mother, Willie?"

"In some things: all, when I alone am concerned; but—"

"No qualifications! You used to obey me: obey me now."

"Not blindly, like a child. I am a man."

"And have, I hope, a man's ambition. I will secure that, and your happiness also; only be patient."

"Not while any manœuvring for my benefit goes on."

"You will not know it."

"You have told me already, and I protest against it. Let me alone, dear mother, or you will compel me to take flight again."

"Stay a week, and then you may go if you can."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Never mind!"

"But I mean—I do!" replied Willie, in great agitation. "Mother, it can be anything but a jest, I warn you to beware. I will be no party to any scheme or plot which may involve another's peace, for I can—"

"The silliest boy in the world. Truly, it is fortunate that you have a mother to take care of you. Add carriage of that, when did you pay about debts? Are you coming to me again?"

"Yes—no—I can't talk of that now. I must know what meaning there is—"

"Ah! here are the girls," cried Lady Shirley, springing up, eager to put an end to her son's threatened explanation.

"You recollect, William, it is your wish that you come?" continued Julia, with Beatrice, who hung darkly behind. "What an uncertain being you are! One never knows where or when to expect you!"

"I wrote."

"Yes, and said nothing. Nevertheless, now you are here, we are all very glad to have you; and seeing that we have something more than our own attractions to offer, may, perhaps, manage to keep you a little. Beatrice, let me present my brother to you."

Thus addressed, the young heiress advanced, and with downcast eyes laid her hand in that outstretched to greet her. Both trembled, and the girl's voice was inarticulate as she murmured something in reply to William's courtesy—then turned away.

The scene lasted scarce a minute, yet it sufficed to curl Julia's lip with contempt, as she noticed her cousin's agitation, and imagined it coquetry—or, worse still, a spark girl's admiration of a handsome man.

Lady Shirley, too, observed the circumstance, and indulged a well-pleased smile; and if she thought her niece unusually impressionable, why she held it to the credit of William's superior attractions, and thought so feeble a mind would be the easier managed.

Thus misunderstanding each other, the conversation halted strangely, until the host-ess said, addressing Beatrice,

"I hope to-morrow will be as fine as to-day, then we shall have a charming expedition."

"Do you really intend going? I am sure the Count does not wish it."

"Oh, yes, he does; although, of course, he is a little nervous about it, the plans being, as he says, so thoroughly out of repair; and a man who possesses such wealth in his own country naturally shrinks from exhibiting his poverty in this."

"And quite right, too," said Julia. "If I were he, I would shut up myself in a dungeon, rather than parade my ugliness and wretchedness to a contemptuous world."

"Contemptuous!"

"Yes; who can feel otherwise towards a fortune-hunter—a man who barters what should be honorable for gold? Pah! I despise him!"

"And rightly, too, if your estimate him aright," cried William, warmly. "Earth holds no creature so utterly despicable as a fortune-hunter. Love is priceless; the wealth of both Indies cannot buy it, and he who gives it up for money is a villain!"

"My dear William!" cried Lady Shirley, in amazement; while Beatrice and Julia, both alike astonished, gazed on the speaker, until the latter exclaimed, cordially, "Bravo, Willie! *your* heart's sound; you won't marry a banker's book."

"Not I, indeed! I respect my father's example too much, who took my mother,"—and he passed his arm affectionately around her—"for herself."

"Nonsense—nonsense!" said the lady, half angry, half pleased. "What folly you are all talking! You'll shock Mr. Conyers."

"Not easily," replied he, entering through the conservatory; "I'm not so easily shocked. Ha! William, this is an unexpected pleasure. I did not know you were expected."

"Nor was I until this morning. I only wrote last night."

"Come to make a long stay, I hope?"

"*Circumstances depend.*"

"On us? Then we'll keep you. Miss Shirley,"—turning to Julia—"here is the pamphlet you wanted. I was so fortunate as to find it among my papers last night."

"Oh, thank you, thank you. But I am sorry to have given you so much trouble."

"It was none; though if it had been, I should have been only too much honored in being allowed to take it."

Julia's eyes and blush thanked him; yet, for all their beauty, he turned in search of her cousin, who stood beside a cage of Java sparrows, watching their graceful movements.

Absorbed in thought, Beatrice had not observed Mr. Conyers's entrance, and she started nervously when his voice sounded at her side.

"I am so silly—so *easily* frightened to-day," she said, hastily, in reply to his apologies for having alarmed her; "and I was thinking of things and places far away. I did not see you come in."

"I have not been here a minute. But you must chase away this nervousness before to-morrow, or you will not be able to enjoy our coast scenery."

"At Cliff Castle? Oh, I hope my aunt will not go!"

"Why? You will enjoy the sea, and the country round, extremely. Some of the boldest, wildest cliffs on the English shore are to be found there."

"Are you going?"

"No. I have had no invitation."

"I'm very sorry," she said, frankly; "it would have been so much pleasanter."

Poor girl! she spoke without a thought beyond her words, or an idea of misconstruction; but Conyers's eye brightened, and Julia's flashed, as they listened.

He, shrewd, clever man of the world, saw, as he could not help but see, the perfect innocence of the girl's speech, the thorough transparency of her nature, and that she meant no more than she said; but Julia, judging her cousin by herself, regard at the bold encouragement jealousy taught her to fear, especially when, softening his very musical voice to a still deeper tone, George said,

"If I thought—dared to hope I could be of any use as a guide—escort—"

"You would assist? Oh, thank you, that will be charming; you know the place so well!"

"But I have no invitation."

"My aunt, or Julia will manage that. The Count can refuse nothing they ask. Ah, Julia?"—and with girlish haste she turned to ask her cousin, all unconscious that she stood by, heard and misinterpreted all—"Mr. Conyers will go to the castle if you will get him an invitation, and it will be so much pleasanter."

"Pointless!" And the speaker's breath came short, and her eyes blazed, as she compelled herself to silence.

"Will you not ask the Count?"

"Excuse me, *I* cannot dictate their movements to gentlemen, however *you* may do so!"

The insulting look and emphasis, which could not be misunderstood, brought the red blood hotly to Beatrice's cheek, rousing a dangerous spirit of sympathy in Conyers's breast, at, turning to him deprecatingly, she said,

"Pray forgive me. I did not mean to dictate. I thought—"

"Nothing but what was most generous and kind. I should be a contemptible coxcomb to doubt it, or misconstrue your goodness. Miss Shirley,"—and he bowed gravely to her—"did not hear our conversation, and feared lest I might presume too far upon it. Now I trust,"—he fixed his deep blue eye on here—"she will graciously procure me the happiness of accompanying her to-morrow."

"Me! My cousin, you mean. We all know how soon new friends usurp the place of old ones with Mr. Conyers," she answered bitterly, the color coming and going rapidly under the quiet gaze she dared not meet; then adding perversely, "You had better ask *her*."

"No; I wish to owe the pleasure to you."

"Really?" And her eyes were lifted suddenly.

"Really!"

But before she could reply, a summons from her mother, to arrange for the morrow, called her away, and Beatrice, glad to escape, went to her own room, where she remained until sent for to join the riding party, which, upon the plea of a severe headache, she declined.

Welcome, most welcome to the poor girl was the solitude thus obtained, for her heart was sad and heavy, and she shrank fearfully from the dim and uncertain future spread out before her.

Bitter, too, was her disappointment in the family at Shirley. Instead of the affection she had relied upon to console her for past bereavements, all was hollow profession, or scarcely concealed enmity. Her uncle, the only really genuine person in it, was a cipher in his own house, which, ruled by his ambitious, unscrupulous wife and daughter, promised the orphan no very congenial abode. Her terrible secret, too, weighed grievously on her mind, making her feel unworthy even the small confidence she received, besides inspiring her with unutterable dread of every person, place, and thing, lest it should betray her.

Thus engrossed by her own cares, it is little to be wondered at that Beatrice, for a while, forgot those of Lucy Milward, which might have been entirely overlooked during this wretched day, but for some trifling circumstance which recalled them to her memory.

Once reminded of her promise, Beatrice was no person to neglect or evade it; and bravely putting her own sorrows aside, she sat down to think what could be done to relieve Lucy's.

The night before, ere she received that little note, Miss Lyle had resolved to take counsel with Mr. Conyers, as to the best course to pursue with the Milwards; but now she shrank from seeking him, and the chance of obtaining an accidental interview was so slight, that she felt the whole responsibility must rest upon herself.

After much and earnest thought therefore, she decided upon the following letter, which she wrote immediately:

"SIR—

"The bearer of this has greatly excited my interest. He has a wife and one child, for whom, under existing circumstances, he is unable to provide. I wish you, therefore, to place him in such a position as you and he think most suitable to his capacity, with a view to the support of his family. I will be answerable for all expenses, and I beg you to give this matter your best and instant attention.

"Yours truly,

"BEATRICE LYLE."

This letter Beatrice folded, and addressed to the steward of her Leicestershire property—her own dear Abbey home; and then wrapping herself in a cloak, glided out into the garden.

As she expected, *Lucy* was at the appointed place, and as soon as she came in sight, hurried towards her crying,

"Oh, you are come again! I have been here such a long, long time, until I almost believed my first thoughts of you were true, that you were indeed the angel you resemble, and that I should see you no more."

"Nay, Lucy, Lucy, this will never do," said Beatrice, kindly, restraining the woman, who in her excess of joy and gratitude would have fallen at her feet. "I am no better than yourself; perhaps not half so good. But now tell me of your child—how is he?"

"Better, much—much better; and it is all owing to you. How can I thank you enough?"

"By saying nothing about it."

"But that is impossible. Do you think a mother's gratitude to the saviour of her child's life can be measured by the common standard, speaking or being silent, as even that saviour dictates? Impossible! Do you think I can ever see my boy stretching out the healthy arms you have rescued from the grave, or hear the voice which but for you would long ere this been silenced for ever, without uttering the thanksgiving which fills my soul? No; though I do not even know your name, may never see you more, your memory will be that of a guardian spirit to me and mine, and again I pray that the blessing of those ready to perish may rest upon your path."

Beatrice was deeply touched; in her present sorrowful state of mind, the knowledge that she had been instrumental in saving and comforting one still more wretched was beautifully soothing; and although the woman's language was exaggerated, and her manner excited, both were evidently genuine, and dictated by real gratitude.

She made an effort, however, to change the subject, by saying,

"You have not asked me anything of the Count?"

"Because I have no longer the same anxiety. Heaven has come to my aid once in extremest peril and need, and that has taught me to *trust*."

"I am glad, very glad to hear it; for with that trust, come what may of grief or trial, you can never go far wrong."

"Never!"

"Feeling thus, you will be able to bear the ill news which I grieve to be obliged to tell you. Count Ormisl refused to take back your husband into his service, or to give him a character."

"Cruel!" murmured Lucy, her very lips growing white; then, after a moment, looking up resignedly, "But God will help us."

"I hope so—say, I am sure of it. Now, will you listen to the plan I have thought of in this emergency, and if you see that it can be improved, tell me so, frankly?"

"Will I? Ah, lady!"

The broken tones were eloquent enough, and Beatrice went on:

"You see this letter; it is one I have written to my late father's steward, who now lives in my old home, keeping everything in order until I come of age. In it I have recommended your husband to him, and if he will take it to Leigh Abbey, and present it to Mr. Elcomll, he will get plenty of work, and of the kind best suited to him. Here is money for the journey, and the clothes you will require. Go down into Leicestershire as quickly as you can, and when you are settled, write and tell me how you get on."

For a few minutes Lucy made no reply; then, in a voice almost choked with emotion, she murmured,

"Heaven bless and reward you, lady! And it will—it will! For if ever creature was on the brink of ice and despair, it was I, but yesterday."

"I thank God that He permitted me to save you. But, oh, Lucy, I entreat you to remember, now and always, that I was but a messenger—an instrument in the hands of One who his all-powerful, and ever present!"

"I know it; and yet, alas! in my hour of greatest struggle it seemed to me as if Heaven, like earth, was closed to my prayers; that there were none to hear, and none to pity."

"Poor Lucy!"

"Ah, lady, may you ever be kept from feeling as I did then! You have never yet known—I pray you never may—the anguish of utter desolation and hopelessness—the horror of that fearful hour when death is near, and Heaven is dark."

"It must, indeed, be fearful."

"It is—it is; and from this you have rescued me! Oh, that, at some period of my life, I, too, might thus save you!"

"You may, perchance! Who can tell?"

"Ay, who? Oh, lady! men say there is no such thing as gratitude on earth, but they are wrong, and I shall live to prove it. I feel—I know it!"

"Perhaps so; for I, too, feel as if there was some strange bond of union between us."

"It is the strongest bond of all—the bond of love and gratitude, which God himself smiles on, and ratifies. May He watch over and bless you; may no care or sorrow come upon you, save as the dew rests for a time upon the lily, to freshen and purify it!"

"Thank you," said Beatrice, softly. "Would I could do aught to merit such blessings!"

"'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'"

At this moment the loud peal of the dressing bell echoed through the grounds, causing Beatrice to start, and exclaim,

"I must go now! Good-bye!—God bless you, Lucy!"

"One moment—stay one moment! Will you not tell me your name?"

"Yes, certainly! Beatrice—Beatrice *Lyle*!"

"Beatrice—Beatrice! It is a beautiful name, but I never loved it before."

The young girl smiled.

"We always like the names of our friends. Now, farewell; may you be well and happy.

She took the woman's hard brown hand in hers, paused an instant, then passed away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Count De Charolois, of true blood-royal of France, was a man of infamous character, and committed more than one murder. When Louis XV. pardoned him for one of these atrocities, he said to him—"I tell you fairly, cousin, that I will also pardon any man who murders you."

A little boy returning from Sunday school, said to his mother, "Ma, ain't there a *bitter*-chism for little boys? This *cat*-chism is too hard!"

"Well, John, I am going East, and what shall I tell your folks?" "Oh, nothing! only if they say anything about whiskers, just tell them I've got some."

I have frequently seen men and women of superior culture and extraordinary intellect eclipsed in conversation by one whose talk was made up of delightful nothings strung on the purest *raising of a thought!*


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1861.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If any article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.


## REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we prefer Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

FACTS AND RUMORS.—The items we publish every week relative to the secession and opposite movements, we do not vouch for. We give those that seem authentic; but neither being "a prophet, nor the son of a prophet," we have to take the risk of their being afterwards contradicted.

## PEERS AND PAUPERS.

It was ascertained recently in England, that the ages of a number of the members of the House of Lords who had died within a few years past, averaged seventy years.

While the English public were digesting this piece of information, and coming to the conclusion that it was a very good thing to be a lord, another fact was also brought to light. It was ascertained that the united ages of 60 inmates of one of the English workhouses amounted to 5,333 years, or an average of 60 years each.

Here was an opposite view of the subject. The Paupers lived ten years longer than the Peers. But no one came to the conclusion, we believe, that it was better to be a pauper than a lord.

The lesson that would seem to be taught by these and other statistics, is simply this. That in proportion as the occupations and surroundings of a man are favorable to bodily health and mental ease, are his chances of long life improved. The pauper has sufficient to eat, of wholesome food—the peer has plenty to eat, but his food and drink are often too tempting for his own good. The pauper has perfect ease of mind—he has no care for the morrow, the government kindly relieves him of it. He must live soberly and quietly, or be expelled. But the peer, with all his wealth, may be distracted by the difficulty of "making both ends meet," and may allow his passions to run riot. Thus he is not so favorably situated for long life as the pauper.

The *happy pauper* probably will soon become a common phrase in the poetry and politics of England. "Happy as a lord" was the old proverb; "happy as a pauper" will be the new one.

RISE IN STOCKS.—Those of our readers who took our advice some weeks ago, and invested in stocks, must have made a good thing of it. The following list shows the advance in stocks in about three weeks:—

| | Lowest. Dec. 7, '60. | Cur. prices. Dec. 31, '60. | Advance. per cent. |
|---|---|---|---|
| New York Central | 79 | 79 | 0 |
| Erie | 24¾ | 28¼ | 14½ |
| Hudson River | 29¾ | 44¾ | 71 |
| Michigan Central | 42 | 49¾ | 79 |
| Reading | 31 | 36¼ | 5½ |
| Michigan Southern | 11 | 20¾ | 85 |
| Mich. South. Guar. | 22¾ | 23¾ | 9 |
| Illinois Central | 51 | 73 | 24 |
| Galena and Chicago | 56 | 67¼ | 10½ |
| Cleve'd and Toledo | 20¼ | 23¾ | 16½ |
| Chic. and Rock Isl. | 42¾ | 53¾ | 19 |
| Pacific Mail | 73 | 80¾ | 10½ |
| Illinois Central | 69¾ | 75 | 8½ |
| Virginia's | 74 | 78¼ | 5½ |
| Tennessee's | 62¾ | 72 | 15½ |
| Ill. Central Bonds | 83¾ | 91¾ | 9 |

In fact, stocks now, though considerably lower than they were six months since, are not very different from what they were one year ago—and their tendency seems to be daily upward. The rates for money are also growing reasonable again; while the concentration of capital in the hands of the wealthy classes is becoming very great.

## WORKHOUSES.

Absolute power has some advantages. If an Emperor can be persuaded to do a thing, he orders it to be done, and there is an end of it.—For instance, we read the following, in an English paper:—

WORKHOUSES FOR PARIS.—It appears that the Emperor Napoleon is determined to do

away with mendicity in his capital. A large building is now ready for the reception of beggars of both sexes, who, after an examination by a commissary of police, to ascertain that they are really unable to obtain work, or too infirm to perform it, are provided with food and clothing. Those who are capable of labor have work to do, according to his or her profession; and the surplus of earning, after deducting expenditure, which is on a low scale, forms an accumulating fund for individual benefit. The daily food of each consist of a pound and a half of bread, soup, and vegetables; and on Sundays there is the addition of meat, with little indulgences, according to the state of health of the inmates.

That is precisely the kind of an institution which certain people in this city have been endeavoring to establish for many years—but so far with apparently very little success. Louis Napoleon, however, says, "It is well; do it;" and it is done. Yes, an absolution has its advantages—and its disadvantages, which are very obvious also.

## FARMER'S HIGH SCHOOL.

The Second Annual Session of this institution closed on the 19th of December, and the Third Annual Session will open on the 20th of February next. The catalogue of the last session is now before us; it exhibits the condition and the prospects of the institution, both in an educational and a financial point of view.

The school has been full since it opened, thus showing that its friends were not mistaken in the supposition that such an institution was wanted. The plan of manual labor and study has been successfully carried out from the commencement; each student laboring three hours daily; and the time is so divided as to keep the work upon the farm, garden, and nursery, going on twelve hours each day. All the labor of a farm of 400 acres, including a garden and nursery, has been done by the students.

The course of study pursued is thorough so far as it goes; the languages are not taught, but a corresponding amount of time is devoted to mathematics and the natural sciences. It is expected to make chemical science the foundation stone upon which to build a thorough knowledge of agricultural theory and practice. Every student who graduates must be able to make analyses of soils, ashes, manures, and all products of importance to agriculture. Botany, Horticulture, Geology, Veterinary Physiology, and the other Natural Sciences have prominent places in the list of studies.

The duties of tuition now devolve upon five professors, this being as many as could be employed consistently with the small number of students that the institution is capable of accommodating. This number is deemed insufficient to do full justice to all the subjects to be taught; and hence as soon as the college buildings, now partially finished, shall be completed, about three times as many students can be admitted, and thus allow of a more complete organization of the Faculty and teachers.

The only difficulty now in the way of the success of the school is the want of such a complete organization of all its departments as could be realized were it capable of admitting 300 or 400 students. The combination of manual labor with study involves a more complete system of organization than in an ordinary school. There must be a superintendent for the Farm, for the Garden, for the Nursery, a steward, and a principal, in addition to the ordinary officers of an educational institution. And as the studies are principally associated with the experimental sciences, they require more of the time of the teacher, and make a larger number of teachers necessary than in an ordinary course of instruction. For these and like reasons it is considered absolutely essential to the continued existence of the institution that its college buildings be speedily completed. A large amount of material is already on hand to complete the work, and all this will soon be valueless if not used for its intended purpose. In order to save it from further waste, and to enable the school, as soon as possible, to organize upon a basis consistent with its objects, an application will be made to the Legislature, this winter, for an appropriation to complete the buildings. The enterprise is certainly worthy of the patronage of our State Legislature, and it is to be earnestly hoped that our legislators will be able to see that such is the case and vote accordingly.

## CHANTING SERMONS.

Those of our readers who have frequently attended the religious meetings of the Society of Friends, know that it is very common for their ministers to sing or chant their extemporaneous sermons. Perhaps the same readers will be surprised to read the following, which we take from a recent number of an English periodical:—

Mrs. Fry, Robert Hall, and Adam Clarke invariably used to chant their sermons; and the most popular preachers of the present day, especially in Wales, adopt the same custom—and it is a very old custom, as old as the songs of the ancient bards. The writer has recently confirmed the fact in Pembrokeshire that "a Welsh sermon was delivered in which the preacher ascended to the minor sixth of the scale and completely intoned his oration, to the evident delight and satisfaction of his hearers." And the effect outwardly of this "hwyl" (pronounced *whoill*, not *howl*) upon the Welsh people is electric, and, to the stranger, startling. The whole history of these hardy sons of the hills seems to crowd upon you during one of these hwyls, and you feel that this has been the rallying spark in many a deed of noblest effort.

It will be seen from the above, that the Quaker ministers have both high and ancient authority for the practice of chanting their sermons. We have known instances when such chanting was made quite impressive, though in the cases of preachers of inferior gifts, it is rather to be avoided than commended.

☞ Death of a Novelist.—The Rev. J. H. Ingraham, who was recently injured by the premature discharge of a pistol, died from the effects of the accident at Holly Springs, Miss.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Seven Little Sisters who Live on the Round Ball that Floats in the Air. With Illustrations. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

The Silver Penny Series—"Nobody's Child," "Sunny Eyed Tim," &c. Published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

Life in the Old World; or, Two Years in Switzerland and Italy. By Fredrika Bremer, author of "The Neighbors," &c. Translated by Mary Howitt. In Two Volumes. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

Women of New York. Written and Illustrated by Marie Louise Hankins, Editress of the "Pictorial Family Newspaper," author of "Human Life," "The Old Woman's Revenge," &c. Published by Marie Louise Hankins & Co., New York.

Soyer's Standard Cookery for the People. By Alexis Soyer, author of "The Modern Housewife," &c. Published by Chas. Desilver, 714 Chestnut St., Phila.

New Standard Letter-Writer for the People. By J. W. O'Neill. Published by Chas. Desilver, Phila.

Standard Hand-Book of Household Economy for the People. By M. Guillaume St. Jean. Published by Chas. Desilver, Phila.

Christian Songs, Translations, and Other Poems. By the Rev. James Gilborne Lyons, LL.D. Published by Smith, English & Co., Philada.

Struggle for Life. By the author of "Seven Stormy Sundays," "The Queen of the Red Chessmen," &c. Published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

The Printer Boy; or, How Ben Franklin Made His Mark. By William M. Thayer, author of "The Bobbin Boy," &c. Published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, and for sale by Gaut & Volkmar, Philada.

## A POOR RULE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The useful orthographical rule (which appeared in a recent number of The Post,) is not so useful after all, as the following words, unhappily for the rule, prove:—Freight, reign, skein, fierce, shield, seize, thief, sleight, neither, science, foreign, sovereign, unveil, achieve, adieu, ancient. Many more words of one, as well as of several syllables, show it to be no rule, or, at least, a rule that would lead into error.

Chesterfield Boarding School.

# LETTER FROM PARIS.

## A BRILLIANT BALLET.

Paris, Dec. 14, 1860.

*Mr. Editor of the Post:—*

The French Opera has just come out with a new ballet, which promises to be *the* great attraction of the season, and is considered to *far outshine any spectacle hitherto represented* on the Parisian stage. This brilliant affair, which is throwing all Paris into raptures, is called *Le Papillon* (The Butterfly), and is the joint production of the unequalled ex-*danseuse*, Mlle. Taglioni and M. St. George. The slight thread on which the Queen of the Boards has strung her glittering *suite* of choregraphic inventions, artistic groupings, fairy palaces, and marvels of scenic decoration, is furnished by the adventures of a fair Circassian, Tarfalla, who is introduced in the humble position of maid-of-all-work to a vixenish old fairy, Hamza, doomed to wear the wrinkles of age, and to hobble about upon crutches until some adventurous swain is bold enough to imprint a kiss upon her, venerable lips. Long waiting for this kiss which comes not, has soured the old fairy's temper; and she plagues her pretty servant unmercifully, the latter remaining gay and merry in spite of the fairy's ill-treatment. One day, there comes to the fairy's hut the brave and handsome Prince Djalma, son of the King. He has lost his way, with his suite, at a hunting-party in the forest. The old hag strikes the floor of her hut with her wand, and tables loaded with luxurious fare, in a service of gold, appear on the instant. Hamza invites the Prince to eat, does the honor of the feast, and endeavors, by every art in her power, to attract the admiration of the Prince, and obtain a kiss from him. But the Prince has no eyes save for the charming Farfallah, with whom he falls desperately in love during the repast. Farfallah, though she does not know it, having been stolen in her infancy by the wicked Hamza, is the daughter of a great Emir, a secret we are not let into until the end of the play. Supposing herself to be as lowly as her station, Farfallah hardly dares to look the handsome Prince in the face, while waiting at the table, though she none the less effectually loses her heart to him while the feast goes on. At length the brilliant guests take their departure; the kiss the fairy has striven so unsuccessfully to win, falling, unsought by her, and surreptitiously given as the Prince quits the hut, to the lot of the modest and beautiful servant. But Hamza has seen the kiss, and is furious against Farfallah; giving way to a dreadful fit of ill-temper, and exerting herself so much in worrying that unlucky maiden, that she presently falls asleep, of sheer fatigue, over her distaff. The old fairy begins to snore, and Farfallah, who is as merry as ever, in spite of the scolding she has had, cannot resist the mischievous temptation to tickle her mistress's face with a flower. Half-awakened from her nap, Hamza opens an eye, but Farfallah darts away like some winged creature, and hides behind Hamza's chair. The fairy falls asleep again, and again Farfallah, holding in her mirth with much effort, tickles her mistress's nose with the flower. After half-a-dozen starts on the part of the fairy, at each of which her tormentor hides behind her chair with the lightness of a butterfly, the old hag wakens up completely, and rises angrily from her chair, to drive away the fly which she thinks has been troubling her. Catching sight of the laughing face of the crouching Farfallah, Hamza divines the cause of her annoyance, and turns upon the girl with such fury that Farfallah, in her terror, leaps into the open meal-hutch to escape the fairy's uplifted stick. With a movement of this stick, which is, of course, a magic wand, Hamza causes the lid of the hutch to fall on her frightened slave, and declares that she shall remain in that prison to the end of her days. Just then appears a woodman, who is a great crony of Farfallah's, plays with her in the forest, and helps her to find flowers, wild fruit, and squirrels. He intercedes with the fairy for his pretty favorite, and obtains her release from the meal-hutch. But the fairy is implacable, and only releases her from her prison in the form of a butterfly. Mlle. Livry (Taglioni's favorite pupil, for whom the part was written,) here appears with wings, and executes a series of movements, whose astounding grace and lightness almost rival those of the insect into which she is supposed to be changed; and as she flits on airy wing through the forest, she is met and circled by a swarm of similar "butterflies," who come to welcome their new sister, and to show off their wings; and who perform a complicated and beautiful dance, that throws the whole house into a *furore* of admiration. At the close of this dance, Prince Djalma and his suite appear upon the scene, and set themselves to catch the butterflies. Farfallah is caught in a silken net by the Prince, who is enraptured with his prize, and fastens the poor butterfly to the trunk of a tree by running a golden pin through its body. The wound counteracts the fairy's charm; Farfallah's wings fall off, and she regains her true shape, to the mingled delight and horror of the Prince, who falls at her feet, protests his grief at having wounded her, and would marry her there and then but for the sudden appearance of the King, his father, who will not permit his son and heir to make so stocking a *mesalliance*. The wicked Hamza has come upon the group unperceived, and at the moment when the Prince, in his despair at the cruel decision of his unromantic "parient," attempts to snatch a last kiss from the lovely Farfallah, from whom he is about to be thus unfeelingly sundered, Hamza sticks her wrinkled face between the two, gets the kiss intended for Farfallah, and is at once transformed into the glory of youth and beauty. Farfallah shrinks back from her tormentor, a touch of whose wand changes her again into a butterfly. Hamza's beauty and magic arts throw the Prince under a spell which he cannot break, though he is dreadfully grieved at losing Farfallah; the fairy draws him away to an enchanted garden, where everything is prepared for their marriage. The pair are already approaching the altar, when Hamza's torch was brushed against and extinguished by Farfallah, in the guise of a butterfly. Farfallah, in her despair, at seeing the Prince about to be united to another, and that other her enemy, has dashed herself into the flame of the torch, and thus, unwittingly, brought down a foretold doom upon her rival. The fire of the magic torch has restored Farfallah to her natural shape, and its extinction deprives Hamza of her magic beauty, which, with her power, departs from her forever. The Prince recoils with horror from the hag, and falls in raptures at the feet of Farfallah. Just then comes in the King, accompanied by the woodman, who is in the secret of the maiden's birth, which he now proclaims to be equal to that of the Prince. The King thereupon consents to the marriage, which is celebrated with the utmost pomp, in the presence of the King's court, and the court of the Emir, who has been informed by the woodman of the existence and adventures of his daughter, and comes down from the mountains, at the head of his grandees, all in cloth of gold and silver, laden with the dowry of the bride, and arrives exactly in time to be present at the ceremony.

It is impossible to imagine anything more exquisitely graceful than the movements of Mlle. Livry throughout this ballet; executing the most aerial, difficult, and novel motions with a perfection that seems incredible, and that places her, in the opinion of the critics, at the very head of her profession, young as she is. The decorations of this piece are more beautiful, and the accessories more gorgeous, than anything that has hitherto been attempted in Paris. The entire cast of the ballet is excellent; and the dances imitating the motions of a swarm of butterflies—the *danseuses* wearing the loveliest of gauze wings, and the prettiest of gilded antennæ—are graceful, charming, and beautiful in the extreme. With Viardot's *Orpheus*, which is now at somewhere about its four hundredth representation, this exquisite ballet will evidently be the greatest success that Paris has witnessed for many a long year. Taglioni, who quitted the stage on her marriage into one of the noblest families of Italy, and has devoted herself entirely to her home and her children, came to Paris to see her new production, and to witness the performance of her favorite; and has been received here with the utmost enthusiasm.

QUANTUM.

☞ Eve did not know as much as her daughters of the present day. Had they been in her place, instead of being deceived by, they would have deceived, the devil.

☞ I know a man so penurious and fault-finding, that I believe the horror of being "taken in" (in more than *one* sense) will be his greatest concern on his death-bed. If I were obliged to bury him, I should do it with the expectation that he would rise in the midst of the performance, to haggle about the funeral expenses.

☞ "If you are a great General," said Sylla to Marius, "come and fight me." "If you are a great General," was the quiet answer, "make me come and fight you."

## FORT SUMPTER, CHARLESTON, S. C.

The above engraving of Fort Sumpter may prove interesting to our readers. It is now held by Major Anderson for the United States—he having crossed the channel to it when evacuating Fort Moultrie.

The plan of the fort is a truncated pentagon, with one side parallel to the adjoining shore, thus presenting an angle in the channel. Of the truncated angles, the Eastern, Western, and Northern are simply formed into Pan-coupes, while the other two are formed of two small faces, making an angle of about 15 degrees with the sides of the pentagon. At each intersection of the small faces is a sally-port. The height of the parapet above the water-line is 60 feet. On the Eastern and Western sides are the barracks for the privates, mess hall, kitchen, &c. On the Southern side are the officers' quarters, which are finished in very handsome style.

The fort now contains the heaviest guns of the United States service intended to be arranged in three tiers, the two lower being casemates and the upper barbette guns.—The casemate guns are those which are fired from an embrasure in the walls, and are protected from the enemy's shells by an arched, bomb-proof covering overhead; the barbette, those which fire over the parapet, which exposes the cannoniers to the fire of the enemy, although, in this instance, the height of the ramparts is so great that there is comparatively no danger from the shot of an enemy's fleet. The armament consists of 140 pieces, to be placed in the following order:—The heaviest guns, such as the 32 and 64 pounders, on the first tier; 24 and 32 pounders on the second tier; Columbiads (8 and 10 inch) and heavy sea-coast mortars on the top of the ramparts.

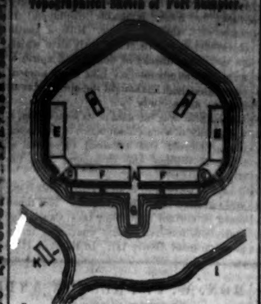
The number of each kind of gun is about thirty 64 pounders; the same number 32 pounders; forty 24 pounders; ten of each calibre of Columbiad; ten 18 inch, and ten 10 inch mortars, capable of throwing about four thousand (4,000) pounds of shot, and four thousand and three hundred (4,300) pounds of shell at each discharge.

On the terra-parade plain are situated two furnaces for heating shot. The magazines are situated on the inner sides of the sally-ports, and contain, at present 40,000 pounds of powder, and a proportionate quantity of shot and shell. The landing to the fort is on the Southern, or land side, and is formed by a wharf projecting toward the shore, and also extending the length of that face.

It is believed by military men that Major Anderson, even with the small garrison which he transferred from Fort Moultrie, will be able to hold and defend Fort Sumpter against any attack that is likely to be brought against it. Under no circumstance, they say, could it be attacked with any hope of success, except by vessels carrying the heaviest guns.—Inside of the fort is abundant supply of fresh water, by means of a well sunk to a great depth. About three weeks since it is understood, six months' provisions arrived by vessel, designed for Fort Moultrie, the greater portion of which are supposed to have found their way into Fort Sumpter. It is reported that large quantities of ammunition were likewise removed from Moultrie to Sumpter within the last few days, which, in addition to the supply before in the fort, will abundantly supply the garrison.

Major Anderson, now in command, was born in Kentucky in 1810, graduated at West Point, and served with distinction both in Florida and Mexico.

### Topographical Sketch of Fort Sumpter.




A—Arched gateway in the South-West wall.
B—Furnaces for heating shot.
C—Powder magazines.
D—Sally-ports.
E—Barracks for the soldiers.
F—Officers' quarters.
G—Wharf—depth of water on East side 16 to 18 feet.
H—Principal landing—extending along the entire South-West wall.
I—Morris Island beach.
K—Old barracks on James Island (Fort Johnson).

We would mention that the position of Morris and James Islands, owing to the small size of the engraving, is not intended to be considered as more than indicating their proximity to Fort Sumpter.

The *Charleston Mercury* (Secession) says, that according to the statements of the 55 workmen who recently left:—

"The force now remaining in Fort Sumpter consists of about 150 men, 55 of whom are laborers, and the rest troops belonging to the artillery branch of the United States service. These latter are sufficient to man about one half the guns of the fort, supposing the guns were all mounted. Fortunately, however," says the *Mercury*, "this is far from being the case. Out of 75 pieces of heavy ordnance, now in the fort, only 11 are fully mounted. These are all casemate guns in the lower tier, and include the 9 guns of that face of the fortress fronting towards Sullivan's Island. Two more of these casemate guns were nearly mounted on Friday evening, but the work of getting them in position is necessarily slow and tedious, and, with the force now at work, it is impossible to mount more than 3 guns per day at the utmost. The heaviest guns, too, which are the 10 inch Columbiads, have yet to be mounted. One of the casemate guns at one of the angles of the walls, has been placed in position so as to cover Castle Pinckney. The garrison were, on Friday evening, getting ready to mount some of the casemate guns on the South side of the walls.

"Besides these heavy pieces, 4 of the lighter barbette guns are mounted upon the ramparts, pointing towards Morris Island. These are so arranged on pivot carriages as to sweep around the whole horizon. The magazine of the fortress is well stocked with an immense quantity of grape, canister and shells, and about 700 barrels of powder. All the small arms and stores of Fort Moultrie have been transferred with the garrison, and there is a sufficient accumulation of provisions to last, in case of necessity, for six months at least.—Four large cisterns contain an ample supply of fresh water, but it is now well understood that *Fort Sumpter has no fuel to spare*. The rumor current in the city that a number of the guns in Fort Sumpter, which are not yet mounted, had been spiked by the Southern workmen, is without foundation."

## LATE NEWS.

Fort Sumpter Not Besieged—Seizure of Georgia Forts—Another Revenue Cutter Taken—Movements to Protect Washington, &c.

Washington, Jan. 5.—The Government is taking important steps for the protection of Federal property in the Southern States. Orders have been issued for the immediate transportation of shot, shell and other munitions.

A letter from an officer in Fort Sumpter to his father, says that they have "taken the bull by the horns," and that they "are now established in this impregnable fortress, where we are perfectly unapproachable; while at the same time, we command perfectly the harbor and Fort Moultrie itself." Sumpter, he says, "is four times as large as Fort Moultrie, but the walls are sixty feet high, and no landing can be made."

Charleston, S. C., Jan. 4.—All is quiet here.

Fort Sumpter has not been besieged, as reported.

Major Anderson was visited to-day by his brother, in company with three gentlemen. The understanding was that the interview should take place in their presence.

Governor Pickens has divided the duties of the Executive Administration of South Carolina among his council. Thus he appoints

A. G. McGrath, Secretary of State, to regulate intercourse with other States and foreign Powers, make treaties, regulate commerce, and appoint consuls.

D. A. Jamison, Secretary of War.

C. G. Memminger, Secretary of the Treasury.

W. H. Harllee to regulate the Postal Department and Light Houses.

A. C. Darlington, Secretary of the Interior, to attend to local matters, including the militia and coast police.

Savannah, Jan. 4.—Fort Pulaski was yesterday taken possession of by the volunteers, by order of Gov. Brown.

It is reported that the revenue cutter Dobbin has been taken possession of, but Gov. Brown has issued orders for her return to the Government.

It is generally believed that the Secession ticket has carried the State.

Norfolk, Jan. 4.—The United States sloop-of-war Brooklyn is coaling and taking in stores, and getting ready for a cruise. It is rumored that she is destined for Charleston.

Great excitement was created yesterday in consequence of a report that four companies from Fort Monroe had been ordered to Charleston. (It is said since they go to Washington.)

Florida.—The telegraphic accounts say that the Secessionists have carried the State, and that Florida will join South Carolina.

A private account from Pensacola says the Union men have the Convention, and that seven Pensacola Secessionists had fled to the Navy Yard to save themselves from being lynched. Rather contradictory accounts these!

Washington, Jan 4.—The threats of Gov. Wise, which have been re-echoed in other quarters, that the Capitol must be taken possession of and the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln forcibly prevented, have not been unheeded by the President. Orders have been issued to thoroughly organize the militia of the District of Columbia, who are all for the Union, and 400 were enrolled the first day. Ten companies of United States troops will be brought to this city at an early day, as an additional precaution—the first detachment having already arrived. [illegible]

Chief Justice Taney is [illegible] to secession, and says he [illegible] to administer the oath of office to Mr. Lincoln.

Despatches were received [illegible] notifying the President that an attempt would be made by Gov. Wise's Minute Men of Norfolk to prevent the departure of the war frigate Brooklyn, which is now taking in coals at the Gosport Navy Yard, and lying in readiness to proceed immediately to South Carolina. The President has sent word back that force shall be repelled by force.

Leavenworth, K. T., Jan. [illegible]—The available force at Fort Leavenworth have been ordered by Gen. Scott to hold themselves in readiness to proceed to Fort McHenry at a moment's notice.

Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet.—The New York Daily Tribune says:—

"The latest information which has reached us respecting the composition of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet, indicates that the various Departments will probably be filled about as follows:

State—William H. Seward, of New York.
Treasury—[illegible]
Attorney-General—[illegible]
War—[illegible]
Navy—Robert E. Scott, of Virginia.
Interior—Wm. A. Graham, of N. Carolina.
P. M. General—Gideon Welles, of Connecticut.

"Mr. Seward and Mr. Bates have both accepted the positions which have been offered them. With regard to the other gentlemen named, we are not aware that either of them as yet received a positive appointment; nor indeed, with regard to Messrs. Scott and Graham, do we know how far the negotiations have proceeded. Of these gentlemen, the first is a liberal Whig of Virginia, and a thorough-going Union man; the second was Secretary of the Interior in the Cabinet of Mr. Fillmore, and was the Whig candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1852, on the same ticket with Gen. Scott.

"Though our advices lead us to suppose that Mr. Welles, of Connecticut, will be the Postmaster-General, we learn that it is possible that Mr. Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts, may be appointed to that place instead of Mr. Welles."

Ralph Farnham, the last survivor of the battle of Bunker Hill, died on the 26th ult., in Acton Me., at the age of 104 years, 5 months 19 days. On the afternoon preceding his demise, he asked his daughter-in-law, "Ain't there angels in the room?" She replied:—"Father, do you think there are?" "Oh, yes," said he, "the room is full of them, and they have come to carry me home." Speaking of his recent trip to Boston, where he met the Prince of Wales and the Massachusetts State officers, he said: "One day Governor Banks and Mrs. Banks came to see me, and each of them made me a present. Mrs. Banks kissed me, and I don't recollect that I ever felt so embarrassed in all my life as I did when I found the Governor's wife was going to kiss me."

## PRAYING.

I often say my prayers,
But do I ever pray?
Or do the wishes of my heart
Suggest the words I say?
I may as well kneel down
And worship gods of stone,
As offer to the Living God
A prayer of words alone.

☞ While Erastus Corning, uncle to Mrs. Burch, and President of the New York Central Railroad, was on his way East from the Burch trial, he had time at Buffalo to walk out and inspect the track in the depot yards. Sauntering leisurely along, out came the flagman, "Haloo, there, you mister, you lame man, be gitting off that track with yourself. Do you think we're after paying for the likes of all such as yees that get across our track to be killed?"

☞ The Song of the Siamese Twins—"We were Boys Together."

☞ Swans.—The Potomac derives its name from an Indian word, meaning "river of swans," and those noble birds are still quite plentiful on its lower shores. They are often seen in the markets at Washington, and are generally sold at $1,50 and $2,00 each.

☞ All Should Learn to Sing.—As it is commanded of God that all should sing, so all should make conscience of learning to sing, as it is a thing that cannot be done decently without learning. Those, therefore who neglect to learn to sing, live in sin, as they neglect what is necessary to their attending one of the ordinances of God.—*Jonathan Edwards.*

☞ "Companions of the Bath"—Soap and Towels.

☞ There are four thousand five hundred languages of the eye.

Her heart is like a frozen lake,
On whose cold brink I stand;
Oh, buckle on my spirit's skate,
And take me by the hand,
And lead thou, loving saint, the way,
To where the ice is thin,
That it may break beneath my feet,
And let a lover in.

☞ A shop closed on Thanksgiving Da[illegible] with the following sad announcement: "Cl[illegible] sed on account of the death of a *turkey* in [illegible] family."

☞ A facetious boy asked one of [illegible] playmates how a hardware dealer diff[illegible] from a bootmaker? The latter, somew[illegible] puzzled, gave it up. "Why," said the oth[illegible] "because the one sold the nails, and [illegible] other nailed the soles."

☞ A German journal speaks of a y[illegible] authoress who has distinguished hers[illegible] the literary world. She is called the [illegible] ness de Clokekrakestocse Pickalkreuk[illegible]

☞ A wise man may be pinched by [illegible] verty, but only a fool will let himse[illegible] pinched by tight boots.

☞ An epitaph in St. Philip's ch[illegible] yard, Birmingham, probably over som[illegible] son of the "Emerald Isle," reads:—

"Oh, cruel Death! how could'st thou [illegible]
kind
As to take her before, and leave me be[illegible]
Thou should'st have taken both of us, if [illegible]
Which would have been a *comfort to* [illegible]
*vivor.*"

☞ Words are but poor fig-leave[illegible] ver the nakedness of deeds.

☞ If you wish to learn all yo[illegible] quarrel with your best friend, and [illegible] be surprised to find what a vill[illegible] even in the estimation of a frien[illegible]

MADINGLY HOUSE; THE PRINCE OF WALES' RESIDENCE AT CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

The heir-apparent of the throne of England, on his return from his American trip, resumed his studies at Cambridge, in the neighborhood of which a fine mansion has been taken for his residence. It is called Madingly House, and, as will be seen from our illustration, is a fine specimen of English architecture. Cambridge itself is one of the most beautiful cities in England. It contains a far larger and more beautiful display of mediæval and academic architecture than any other—Oxford, probably excepted—and yields to none in picturesque variety. Indeed, apart from its attractions in points of taste, the place could hardly fail to be regarded with more than common interest, wherein so many men laid the foundation of their greatness "in that culture and manurance of the mind" (as Bacon terms it), which prepared them to produce such abundant fruit in their season.

The situation of Cambridge is singularly fortunate. Scarcely could the noble city have been placed where its surpassing beauty would be more admirably displayed. It stands on a slight eminence. Hills of gentle elevation surround it, from nearly all of which its matchless display of domes and spires is seen to great advantage. Like every ancient city, Cambridge has sought the aid of fable to increase its antiquity.

Whatever was the date of its foundation, it was a place of some consequence in the Saxon times. Harold was crowned there and at Oxford. William the Conqueror took the city by storm.

Like Oxford, the origin of the University of Cambridge is involved in fable. Not much more is certain than this, that Cambridge University received its first charter of incorporation from Henry III. In Edward III.'s reign, Wickliff spread his theological doctrines over Oxford, and their principles as far as Cambridge, and his teachings being denounced as heretical, went far towards breaking up the University of Cambridge.

Before the University could again grow prosperous, came the long war between the houses of York and Lancaster. It, however, speedily revived, only to suffer spoliation at the hands of Henry VIII.'s mercenaries, to be again depressed during the great civil war, and rise once more from its ashes like another phœnix.

All these reminiscences are, no doubt, familiar to the Prince of Wales, and as he walks beneath the oaks and beeches of Madingfield, no doubt he will felicitate himself that his lot was cast in happier and more Christian times.

## THE FAMILY SITTING-ROOM.

This is the pleasantest room in the house. It is that to which the heart of the absent, or home-sick child always turns; it is the Castle of every domestic Mecca. It is the room that makes home; there the family lives, and there the family life flows in its purest, sweetest stream; and hence, we call it *the family-room*. There is the fountain of the household life; hence, to many of us, it is known *as the living-room*. Though these words are not found in any dictionary, they are found in every heart. Here the family sit together—here those domestic accomplishments, writing, sewing and reading are carried on. Here the children play; here, even the cat purrs, and the family dog has his place. This is the only room that is found in every house—large or small. There may be no parlor, no dining-room, no bedroom, no kitchen, but a family-room there always is. It may be used for a drawing-room, or a dining-room, or a sleeping-room, or even a kitchen, but it always remains the family-room. All other uses are temporary and exigent, this is permanent and perpetual.

As this is the pleasantest room in the *heart*, it should be made the pleasantest in the house. It should be large and airy; its location should invite the sunshine and air. The furniture should be plain enough not to be formal, and not too plain to be comfortable. If there is room, a few flower pots should grace one of the windows. A book-case is indispensable, and children's books to fill one or more of its shelves. "Robinson Crusoe," "Arabian Nights," and "Pilgrim's Progress," should not be wanting in any family that can afford them. Engravings, now so cheap and good, and particularly stereoscopic views, ought to be the aim of every household. And here let us say that every one can afford to get what he really wants. What we can't afford to get, is what our envy or vanity craves. The best things for us are those which our heart desires—which we can appreciate—which express our character, and are an extension of ourselves. Whether such things are books, pictures, or flowers, we can get them; and these, as belonging to the heart, belong to the family-room.

The window of this room should have a good outlook; for from it come in many thoughts and suggestions to stimulate and feed the inner life. From the window of this room the children first study Nature.—Here, eagerly crowding to the pane, they note the monotonous rain, or watch the falling leaf. Here they follow the snow as it comes down in socking whirls; or dreamily, with distended eyes, gaze at the large flakes as they sail to the ground so pure and white, as if clothes from the wings of an angel. Why is it that each day starts afresh with a new spirit of action, a small block, part of an old match-box, an old envelope, a bag of marbles, a hickory-nut, several pieces of twine and strings, the lid of an old pill-box, pieces of chestnut-bull, a piece of ginger-cake, a piece of tin, pieces of fancy-colored paper, two old nails, a slate-pencil, a broken jew's-harp, a penny whistle, a piece of shoe-string, a pocket knife handle, half a penchestane, a piece of birch-bar, a spinning-top, a dead mouse, an assortment of buttons, &c., &c.

☞ Hope may bud under clouds, but it blows only in sunshine.

## HON. W. C. PRESTON AND LITTLE HENRY.

BY REV. WILLIAM MARTIN.

On one occasion, while the late Hon. W. C. Preston was an inmate of my family, I had been from home several days; and on my return, my little boy Henry (then in his seventh year), as was his wont, manifested great joy on the occasion; so much so as to attract the attention of my honorable friend, who said to the little fellow:

"Henry, do you love your father?"

"Yes, sir," said Henry.

"Are you sure you love your father?"

"Yes, sir, I am sure I do."

And, by way of proof, the little fellow kissed me.

"Henry," he still asked, "do you know that you love your father?"

The little fellow was puzzled for a moment, but recovering himself, replied, with evident feeling:

"Yes, sir, I know it, for I *feel* it."

And again he threw his arms around my neck, and kissed me.

My friend was amazed; so were we all; but there, as far as we knew, the matter ended. Col. P. was at the time an earnest seeker after truth, and two years afterwards, when nearing the eternal world, having made his peace with God, and realized the power of converting grace, as he lay calmly waiting and patiently suffering the will of God, he said to a friend, in speaking of his confidence in God:

"I am like a little child with his father—like little Henry Martin—I know that I love God, and am in his favor, because I *feel it—I feel it.*"

Truly, his confidence was simple and childlike, his humility deep and genuine. He loved God—he *felt* that he loved Him; and in this peaceful frame of mind he continued most of the time, until his happy spirit took its flight to the bosom of God. He had long been an inquirer after truth, and the simple remark of that little child furnished him with an illustration of the spirituality of religion; that it is something that may be experienced, that may be felt. He sought after it, and found it to the joy of his heart and the salvation of his soul.—*Home Circle.*

### FAMILY ESTIMATES.

While there are families in which there exists a preposterous over-estimate of the talents and acquirements of their several members, there are other families in which the rifle-bullet has glanced off in the opposite direction, and in which there exists a depressing and unreasonable under-estimate of the talents and acquirements of their several members. I have known such a thing as a family in which certain boys during their early education had it ceaselessly drilled into them that they were the idlest, stupidest, and most ignorant boys in the world. The poor little fellows grew up under that gloomy belief; for conscience is a very artificial thing, and you may bring up very good boys in the belief that they are very bad. At length, happily, they went to a grammar school; and like rockets they went up forthwith to the top of their classes, and never lost their places there. From school they went to the university, and there won honors every continent than half every born was before. It will not surprise people who know much of human nature to be told that through this brilliant career of school and college work the home-belief in their idleness and ignorance continued unchanged, and hardly at its end was the toil-worn senior wrangler regarded as other than an idle and useless blockhead. Now, the affection which prompts the under-estimate may be quite as real and deep as that which prompts the over-estimate, but its manifestation is certainly the less amiable and pleasing. I have known a successful author, whose relatives never believed, till the reviews assured them of it, that his writings were anything but contemptible and discreditable trash.

### THE MAN WHO WON'T PAY THE PRINTER.

May he be shod with lightning, and compelled to wander over gunpowder.

May he have sore eyes, and a chesnut-burr for an eye-stone.

May every day of his life be more despotic than the Dey of Algiers.

May he never be permitted to kiss a pretty woman.

May he be bored to death by boarding-school misses practising their first lessons in music, without the privilege of seeing his tormentors.

May 2,40 night-mares trot quarter races over his stomach every night.

May his boots leak, his gun hang fire, and his fishing lines break.

May his coffee be sweetened with flies, and his teacup seasoned with spiders.

May his cattle die of murrain, and the pigs destroy his garden.

May a troop of printers' devils, lean, lank and hungry, dog his heels each day, and a regiment of cats caterwaul under his window each night.

May the famine-stricken ghost of an editor's baby haunt his slumbers, and bliss "Murderer!" in his dreaming ear.

May his cows give sour milk, and his churn rancid butter.

In short, may his business go to ruin, and he go to—Congress.

SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.—An economical and tasteful design for ornamenting the grounds around the house in which Shakspeare was born has just been adopted. It is known to tourists that the boundary towards the Guild-street is kept by a plain, substantial wall; and entrance to the garden will be obtained through handsome gates, surrounded by Shakspeare's crest—a falcon. From the gates to the house a broad, central walk will be formed, on either side of which shrubs are to be planted. The approach to the birth-place, which will stand on a plateau, will be gained by a flight of steps—an arrangement which will allow of the formation of a terrace running the entire width of the garden. The west side will be laid with turf, and a mulberry tree planted, round which will be a gravelled walk. On the south-east side, a walk will lead to the custodian's residence, and from thence round the birth-place. An orchard, after the fashion of those in Shakspeare's time, is to be planted on the north-east side, with such trees as are named in the great poet's works; and in another and more retired spot, an arbor will be constructed. "The committee," it is said, "will select those trees, plants and flowers only which are mentioned in the poet's writings; thus the ensemble will be complete."

☞ If our children are not well cut, we are very apt to be cut ourselves.

## HOW LIFE IS LOST.

A man died the other day at the Bellevue Hospital, after being sick over two years. On opening the chest, there was scarcely a single inch of sound lung on one side; the organ had broken down in one mass of corruption, and the yellow matter of consumption was dipped out with a shell, the most convenient one at hand. He had been working in the garden one summer's day, and feeling a little tired at noon, went round to the shady side of the house, and sat down to rest. A little wind was blowing, which was so very grateful to him, that he indulged himself in it for some minutes, when he was taken with a chill, and never knew a well moment afterwards.

Only two days ago, one of the sweetest possible pair of black eyes came to inquire, with all the shrinking and diffidence inseparable from the occasion, what we thought of the case of a young gentleman who had applied for advice within the week, stating, as a reason, that they were engaged to be married.

The young man in question had arisen one morning in early May, and dressed in very light clothing, but he was so much mistaken in the temperature of the weather, that he was soon chilled, without the means of changing his condition for some time, that is, he felt chilly for several consecutive hours, and had been an invalid ever since. The disease had made such fearful progress, that two-thirds of his lungs were useless to him; and emaciation, night-sweats, harrassing cough, and swollen feet, made it useless to afford the encouragement of even prescribing for the case.

These two cases involve the same principle—getting chilled; one after exercise, the other by remaining cold for hours. Surely it is not hard to remember the lesson. Let every parent impress it on the mind of each child on the instant, and it may prevent the great calamity of dying childless, than which there are not many harder for the heart to bear; indeed, it often fails to bear them, and breaks under the burden.—*Hall's Journal.*

### ANCIENT LONDON.

A few feet below the level of the crowded pavements of London, lies a city of richer ornament and finer architectural taste than the great metropolis which conceals it. Outside the boundary-wall, thirty feet high and twelve in thickness, the wooded south shore of the clear and silvery Thames sloping upwards towards Camberwell and Herne Hill, was studded with the mansions of the military and civil (Roman) chiefs. A beautiful landscape must have presented itself to the citizens who wandered up to the court of the sacred fish on Ludgate Hill, for on all sides the view was unobscured by lofty buildings, and nothing was seen but the porticos and gardens of those rustic retirements and the windings of many little brooks, now degraded into drains and cesspools, which pursued their course through groves and meadows, till they were lost in the abounding river. Within the rampart, wherever he might make an opening and dig deep enough, between Newgate and the Tower, magnificent tesselated pavements and fragments of marble statues reward our toil. The juxtaposition of modern names and associations with those re-appearances of a long-vanished state of manners is almost ludicrous—a mosaic picture of Europs on the Bull, fresh in colors, and perfect in design, beneath the busy multitudes of Bishopsgate street, and bracelets of noble ladies beneath the gas-pipes of Cornhill—though it perhaps has a fitter connection with the site of its discovery when we read of a splendid representation, in colored tiles, of Bacchus, the conqueror of the East, in front of the India House, in Leadenhall street.—"*History of England, from the Earliest Times to the year 1688,*" *by the Rev. James White.*

THE PRECESSION OF THE EQUINOXES.—In consequence of the precession of the equinoxes, the starry heavens are continually changing their aspect from every portion of the earth's surface. The early races of mankind beheld in the far north the glorious constellations of the southern hemisphere rise before them, which, after remaining long invisible, will again appear in those latitudes after the lapse of thousands of years. The Southern Cross began to become invisible in 59 deg. 30 min. north latitude, 2900 years before our era, since, according to Galle, this constellation might previously have reached an altitude of more than 10 deg. When it disappeared from the horizon of the countries of the Baltic, the great Pyramid of Cheops had already been erected more than five hundred years.—*Humboldt.*

A GORMANDIZING KING.—In my early days at Paris, between 1823 and 1824, I went more than once on Sundays to see the *grand concert* at the Tuileries, that is to say, to see Louis XVIII. dining alone in royal fashion. No one consumed his food with greater gusto, not to say voracity, or more frequently used his fingers. A favorite *plat* with him was mutton cutlets *au naturel*, which were nicely rounded, containing merely the *aspen*. I have witnessed him demolish eight or ten of these in succession, making but a mouthful of each cutlet. A large napkin was tucked closely under the old man's chin, to save his *habit* from the pollution of grease and gravy. —*Fraser's Magazine.*

SWEET OLD AGE.—God sometimes gives to a man a guiltless and holy second childhood, in which the soul becomes childlike, not callilish, and the faculties, in full fruit and ripeness, are mellow, without sign of decay. This is that sought-for land of Beulah, where they who have travelled manfully the Christian way abide awhile, to show the world a perfect manhood. Life, with its battles and its sorrows, lies far behind them; the soul has thrown off its armor, and sits in an evening undress of calm and holy leisure. Three blessed the family or neighborhood that sometimes among it one of these not yet ascended saints!

## WHAT ARE THEY?

A book entitled "The Hunting Grounds of the Old World," has just been published in London, from which we make the following recent description of the discovery of a wild race of beings dwelling in the Indian jungles, whose existence, though often asserted, has hardly been discredited. Bayonne should call an agent to those hunting grounds, for an agent is done to. The author pursues in the form of a curious something-or-other, according from a hollow tree, and then goes on to say:

"To hang my rifle on a broken branch and whip out my shekar knife was the work of a moment, and then armed I clutched the supposed animal by the hair, and shouted to M. and the rest to come up; when the thing I was holding began to moan and struggle, and shortly a curious kind of paws, with huge claws, emerged from below and fastened on my hand, and it was only by frequent blows with the handle of my knife that I could prevent them from tearing the flesh. At this moment I was not sure whether I had got hold of some kind of chimpanzee or ourang outang, and I shouted out lustily for help. M., the shekaries, and coolies soon got up into the tree, and with their assistance I dragged up from the hollow in the trunk, two most extraordinary creatures in human shape. One was old and wrinkled, the other quite a child, and both belonging to the weaker sex, but whether of the genus 'man' or 'monkey,' I was not at all sure. They were of a dark olive color, and the tallest was nothing like four feet high. She was just a beauty, without a stitch of clothing, except a piece of creeper tied round her hair to keep it out of her eyes, which were small, and very piercing when she opened them, but she kept them shut, just taking a peep now and again like a frightened ape.

"She grunted very hard, and I saw a couple of tears rolling down her weather-beaten and wrinkled cheeks, as the gang tied her by the leg to the root of a tree, to prevent her running away. The child hung close to her mother, keeping her face hid in her lap, and I had a dog-chain passed round its ankle, and fastened with a padlock to a root also. We looked at them for a long time, before we were quite sure whether they were human. I fancied at first that they were a kind of hybrid, for I never beheld such strange objects. The nose was nearly flat, the mouth most capacious, and full of large yellow teeth. The arms were long, attenuated and wizened; and may Jove defend me from such nails as were attached to the extremities of the digits, which resembled more the claws of a huge vulture, both in color and form, than anything else. M. said that the existence of these wild people of the forest had been often questioned, but that he had always believed that there were such tribes, having come across their traces in the dense forests to the south of the Neilhgerri mountains."

THE "EXTRAORDINARY" NUMBER SEVEN.—On the 7th of the 7th month a holy observance was ordained to the children of Israel, who feasted 7 days and remained 7 days in tents; the 7th year was directed to be a Sabbath of rest for all things, and at the end of 7 times 7 years commenced the grand jubilee; every 7th year the land lay fallow; every 7th year there was a grand release from all debts, and bondsmen were set free. From this law might have originated the custom of binding young men to 7 years' apprenticeship, and of punishing incorrigible offenders by transportation for 7, twice 7, or three times 7 years. Anciently a child was not named before 7 days, not being accounted fully to have life before that periodical day. The teeth spring out in the 7th month, and are shed in the 7th year, when infancy is changed into childhood. At thrice 7 years the faculties are developed, manhood commences, and man becomes legally competent to all civil acts; at four times 7 a man is in full possession of his strength; at five times 7 he is fit for the business of the world; at six times 7 he becomes graver and wiser, or never; at seven times 7 he is in his apogee, and from that time decays; at eight times 7 he is in his first climacteric; at nine times 7, or 63, he is in his grand climacteric, or year of danger; and ten times 7, or three-score years and ten, was by the Royal prophet pronounced the period of life.

LITTLE ELEPHANTS.—The buchas, or little sucking elephants of four or five feet high, are ludicrous little monsters; they become troublesomely familiar after about two days' initiation in the ways of civilized life. A stranger arriving in Howell's camp, and proceeding in all innocency to the corner where the elephants were picketed, would be immediately subject to examination by those inquisitive little brutes—one of them, perhaps, playfully removing his hat, when apparently phrenologically examining his head; while another, with cheerful familiarity, would make him stand on one leg, by winding its trunk round the other. I have known one of them considerably astonish a gentleman by insinuating the point of its trunk into his pocket, and the suddenness and facility with which it unbuttoned his pantaloons.—*Hunting in the Himalayas.*

DEVOTED WOMEN.—Mary Knight was one of those devoted women who aided to relieve the horrible sufferings of Washington's army, at Valley Forge, cooking and carrying provisions to them alone through the depth of winter—even passing through the outposts of the British army in the disguise of a market-woman. And when Washington was compelled to retreat before a superior force, she concealed her brother, General Worrel—whom the British set a price on his head—in a cider hogshead in the cellar, for three days, and fed him through the bunghole, the bushes being ransacked four different times, by the troops in search of him, without success.

☞ "Now Your Magistrate, pompously, to little boy witness—" My boy, can you repeat the Lord's prayer?" "Yes, sir," was the instant reply of the smart youth; "can you?"

## THE SNOW.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY T. H. STAUFFER.

The feathery flakes fill all the air,
And nestle gently every where—
A sight to me both grand and fair!

The snow-drop bush beside the door
Is quickly whit'ning more and more—
How like the dress it earlier wore!

The trees in silver armor gleam;
The fences here and there, a seam
Ridges of fallen snow between!

What king's exchequer's'er could buy
The countless gems that meet the eye,
Thus lily sifting from the sky?

What artist could we e'er entice
To fashion but one quaint device
As these we see in frost and ice?

How very rich the world to-day!
'Tis true, the gems will melt away—
So doth all wealth, the poets say!

*Mount Joy, Pa.*

# VIOLET;

OR,

## THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE.

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Pierce & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

VIOLET AND HELD IN A NEW POSITION.

### CHAPTER XXV.

It was with a strange mixture of a chafing, haughty pride, a sense of bitter mortification, humiliation, and a vague impression of default, that Eric Gower beheld Ishmael Malpas in the doorway of his apartment, and saw him subsequently close the door and turn the key upon it.

He felt like one who, having escaped from a tyrannous and oppressive bondage, finds himself, under circumstances the most unexpected, again within the toils from which he imagined himself to be fleeing.

He stood motionless, but he threw his head proudly up, and his eyes glittered fiercely and brightly. Impatient of control, impetuous by nature, he viewed with an impulse of resentment the act of Ishmael as he locked the door.

A spirit of antagonism took possession of him, and, instead of greeting with a grateful recognition or a kindly welcome the only living being he knew to be his benefactor, he regarded him with a look of imperious defiance, and a carriage which implied open rebellion to his authority.

Ishmael, when he turned to face him, perceived this, and a shade of pain rather than displeasure crossed his pale and sorrowful countenance.

Eric had disregarded his gesture to him to be seated, and now, when Ishmael requested him to do so in a quiet but decisive tone, he complied rather as one who accorded a favor than obeyed a command.

Ishmael's lip curled for a moment at this display of temper, but, as his large, melancholy eyes settled on Eric's features, and traced them one by one, slowly but earnestly, every feeling of anger or vexation seemed to fade away, and left behind only an expression of grave dejection.

Presently Ishmael flung himself into a chair opposite to the youth, and said, in his usual clear, deep tones—

"My mission hither was wholly connected with you. I confess I did not expect to see you here, but I anticipated that I should find a communication from you awaiting me."

For a moment Eric looked abashed and confused.

"I apologize for my neglect," he exclaimed, hastily. "I feel that I ought—"

"Nay," interposed Ishmael, with a bright serenity of manner, "I did not expect from you a merely formal report of the state of your health, or a light and frivolous record of your pastimes, but I did expect to have found here a communication written by you with a flushed brow, and a hand that grasped, not held the pen."

Eric fastened upon him a searching look.

"Wherefore should you have expected from me a letter written under feelings of excitement?" he asked, slowly, watching for any change that Ishmael's features might betray.

Ishmael's lip curled.

"Do you remember how you were introduced to Kingswold, and by whom?" he inquired, sarcastically. "Have you forgotten that you entered that palatial residence an unbidden guest, an unlooked-for spectre? Has my Lord of Kingswood departed so much from his pride, so much from his nature, as to lay his aristocratic hand gently on your shoulder, to smile kindly in your eyes, and to pour affectionate words of welcome and joy in your ears?"

Eric slowly turned his face from the glance of Ishmael's piercing eyes.

"Go to!" continued he, almost hastily. "Why, what were you?—a thunderbolt which had riven his roof-tree asunder—a black cloud flinging suddenly a blighting shadow on his sunny path—a skeleton in his secret chamber, which some officious hand might suddenly lay bare to the world. Did he, with this knowledge beating in his brain like the reverberation of a doom-bell, lavish caressing attentions upon you? did he, with flourishing introductory encomium, present you to Lady Kingswood or to his son? Did he give you the place of honor at his table, and pay you distinguished attention in the presence of his guests?—you turn away. His lordship did not do this, and yet you wonder that I should have looked for a few lines addressed to me and written by you in language of excitement and indignation. I gave you credit for not tamely submitting to petty insults, to unwarranted slights, to commonly as cold and heartless scorn; but I gave you credit for courage to face it with an unyielding front, to fling back the unmerited scorn or neglect, to insist upon the treatment due to a gentleman, and to maintain your ground firmly and immovably, because, as I had told you that you had the rights of another to assert and sustain, to do this was a duty from which you could neither shrink nor escape. I know that my Lord of Kingswood, powerful as he is, dare not thrust you forth. I, therefore, expected to find here your communication—not you. Why have you weakly fled from the sphere in which you must revolve or become a thing of scorn, a creature without name, without honor, without shame?"

The face and forehead of Eric crimsoned, and his eyes flashed fire. He sprang up from his seat.

"Why must I, become an object so infamous, if, having refused to remain longer beneath the roof of Lord Kingswood, I peremptorily decline to return to it?" he cried, with impressive energy. "Answer me that, at least; if I am to act, I will know upon what grounds I am acting. If I have a duty to perform, and rights to sustain, I will know what that duty comprehends—what those rights embrace—ere I act as their champion."

"I am not answered," returned Ishmael, coldly. "Why have you left Kingswood Hall?"

"Nor am I answered," returned Eric, impetuously. "By what right do you assume a control over my actions? What are the influences which induce you to urge upon me a task which, in its obscurity, is to me repugnant and hateful? I was never born to be a cipher or a tool; I have not hitherto been such. Knowingly, I will not begin now."

Ishmael regarded him with a look more of sorrow than of anger.

"Nor cipher nor tool would I make you," he returned, in a subdued but earnest voice. "I have done too much, sacrificed too much, to permit you to be a waif on life's stream. You see what I am, you may surmise what I might have been, when I tell you that Lord Kingswood excels me in position, inasmuch that he is the inheritor of a title, and I was born what the world, in its definitions of rank in society—not in worth or honor—styles a commoner. But my family descent is as ancient as his own, and, unlike his, unstained by taint or brand of any kind. My wealth was yet greater than his when we were youths together; it has multiplied since then, and my rent-roll exceeds his by a considerable amount. Yet I fling aside all that wealth and family descent could offer me in the way of pleasure and life enjoyment. I leap out of the circle of gratifications which, though not giving happiness, relieve the mind from care, and make the burden of existence lighter and easier to bear. I surrender all the sunshine and the joyous excitement which wealth can give—for you—"

"For me?" echoed Eric, with surprise.

"For you—and for the sake of her who—who bore you!" exclaimed Ishmael, with emotion.

"My mother!" cried Eric, with a quivering lip and an excited aspect.

"Even her," answered Ishmael. "I, sir, have made sacrifices which most men, however deep their wrongs, would have shrunk back from. I have lived an isolated, outcast being. I have been a wanderer in by-ways and unfrequented places. I have not for years placed my foot in the hall of my fathers. Wherever gaity and pleasure reigned, there I avoided; where melancholy seclusion, surrounded by all its inconveniences and deficiencies was to be found, I was a seeker and sojourner. I kept out of the world's ken, because I would for a time, for a fixed and definite time, remain out of the vision, and, if possible, out of the memory of the Lord of Kingswood—remain out of it, so that when I did come back to it, I should come as an awful spirit presaging doom. I have come back to his eyes and to his memory as a pillar of fire. I have placed you with him that you might and should be a memory and a warning, a remembrancer of his darkest deed of shame, and a herald of the day of retribution. For years I have sacrificed all the fairest portion of my life to win you a revenge and a triumph, and you, for a momentary pang, a trifling wound to your pride, have flung all my labors, patience and endurance to the winds."

"My mother," exclaimed Eric, passionately, "what of her?"

Ishmael turned from him.

Eric placed his hand upon his shoulder.

"See," he exclaimed, "how unjust, how cruel you are. You have known a mother's love, a mother's solicitude, a mother's tenderness. No mother's loving eye has beamed with affectionate care upon me, no smiling face has looked down joyously and gratefully on mine, no fond looks have greeted my coming or watched my departure, no dear pressure of the hand, or yet fonder pressure of the lips, have made me feel and appreciate the bliss of a mother's love. At least, poor youth was sanctified by her frequent presence, her anxious guidance, her sweet fairy monitions, her fondlings and caressings. She hovered round you like a spirit of light, of grace, of joy—an immediate link between you and heaven. I have known none of this. My childhood was a blank—at best, an obscure mist peopled with cold faces. For me there were no blandishments, no caresses, no tender fondlings. The lax attendance of ill-paid servitude, the frigid admission of my existence when the harsh discipline of subsidized tuition commenced and proceeded, the unconcerned assignment of position I had won by unflagging application, comprehends all of love and tenderness I have known from others. Having possessed the supreme happiness of a mother's affection, having known the felicity her absorbing attachment has imparted, and having known her want, you treat my yearning with indifferent apathy. I have half distractedly envied the lot of the humblest peasant child, when I have seen it run with open arms to the smiling mother awaiting its coming, to press it to her bosom with maternal love. I would forego all the honors, aye, and happiness which fortune, in an insanely generous mood, might shower upon me, to clasp to my throbbing heart that mother I have never yet known! Oh, Ishmael! if you would have me bend to your will, act as you would most fervently desire, tell me of my mother, who, where she is—if, alas! for me in heaven, I will bear it silently—speak to me but of her, and I will be a very slave to you!"

He dashed the hot and blinding tears from his eyes as the last words left his lips, faint and trembling.

It was not fancy which made him believe that the strong frame of Ishmael was shaking like an aspen. A strong spasm, indeed, struggled through it, and robbed him of the power of speaking for a time. But anon he composed his features, and he turned his pale face to Eric; taking his hand, he pressed it warmly, and said, in a low, unsteady voice—

"Your boyhood has been, at best, a lonely, unsympathized with condition. You cannot but have missed those tender and holy associations of home which so few properly estimate and prize until they have lost them for ever. I will tell you of your mother, Eric—but not now—nay, never turn away your head; you have intelligence and reason. You know there is a mystery surrounding your birth, equally with your present position. I say this mystery shall be cleared away, but for your sake—for the sake of that mother of whose existence you know nothing, but of whom you speak with such natural warmth—wait the fitting time for an ample history of the past. I entreat you to do this, because, were I now to reveal to you that which you so yearn to know, it would not aid the end I propose—which, before Heaven, I swear to be just and honorable—while it might do incalculable evil to you and utterly ruin your interests, and, what will have, perhaps, yet greater weight with you, the establishment of those rights which justly and lawfully were your mother's, and of which she was most foully and cruelly deprived."

"Am I to understand," said Eric, with a kindling look, "that Lord Kingswood has deprived my mother of the rights of which you speak?"

Ishmael walked to the window and remained, with knitted brow, in deep abstraction for a minute. Then he returned, and said, emphatically,

"You are! At least, I may tell you that it is from him that you must demand justice for her. It is he who must make reparation for a deed which is as weakly described by the word injustice, as a wicked and barbarous murder would be by the term homicide."

"But," inquired Eric, with eager curiosity, "what is the nature of those rights I am called upon to establish? What is the deed of which you speak? Let me but know this, and I shall require no prompting to compel either my line of duty, or the degree of reparation I shall be called upon to exact."

"At present I can reveal no more than I have now communicated to you. You know that your mother was wronged by Lord Kingswood, and it is your duty to keep him within your sight, within your grasp. You are alone a perpetual monument of his evil doing. You—you must be ever in his eyes, that he may not only not escape from the impending retribution, but from the memory of his crime. Mark me, Eric, I do not ask you to act other than I may direct. I ask you not to raise your hand to strike a blow. Vengeance you must exact, but not with deeds of violence. It is an easy relief from punishment for crime to the malefactor when he is hanged. It is a fearful infliction of torture and suffering when that malefactor is consigned to a solitary dungeon for life, with the memory of his crime for his only companion. These are not the days for a sudden blow with a steel weapon, or a deliberate propulsion of a bullet on a fatal mission. No; you must move on, before, and with Lord Kingswood. He will, alone and in silence, dread the moments of meeting with you; he will, in public, turn pale when you enter the hall, soiree, or assembly, wherever he may be compelled by circumstances over which it shall be my care that he can have no control. Alone, he shall think of you; abroad, he shall meet you; sleeping, he shall dream of you; until, self-impelled, as the only end to his mental and heart-torture, he shall say to you—'Oh! I have sinned, and there is but one atonement; that I will make, and proclaim it to the world; lifting the dark veil from one, who, bright and pure as an angel when I met with her, I left in gloom, in anguish, and in despair!'"

The face of Eric whitened until it seemed that he would faint. Then a heart-flush crimsoned neck and face, until his large eyes stood filled with water.

"Ishmael," he exclaimed, in a half-suffocated tone, "I have heard too much, or not enough. I will—"

Ishmael grasped him by the arm, and said hoarsely,

"I understand you; fear not. Not an angel that dwells in the fairest realms of Paradise, was of more spotless purity than your mother. Injustice and barbarity deprived her of much; it never robbed her of that which is the brightest jewel in the crown of maidenhood."

Eric's eyes swelled, his throat was dry and parched, and his temples throbbed in distraction. He fixed his flashing eyes upon Ishmael, and exclaimed, with an articulation forced by an agonized effort,

"My father, what of him? Who—"

Again Ishmael griped him by the wrist, and interposed.

"He will reveal himself to you. On that day the shadow on the bruised heart will be lifted, and sunshine gild the fair and gentle one doomed to pain and suffering—who, if the decrees of Heaven could be questioned, deserved an earthly life of peace, joy, and happiness."

Eric wrenched his hand away, and, sinking into a seat, bowed his head upon the table, overcome by powerful emotion. Ishmael watched him for a few minutes, discreetly letting his burst of grief have full sway, and when he perceived that it had expended itself, he bent over him, and, in a gentle voice said,

"I was her truest and most faithful friend. I have been yours; I am now; I seek to prove it. Have faith in me; I scorn a mean or a base act as I despise a pitiful, paltry spirit of revenge. I will lift you to your position, and I will do it proudly and with dignity. Trust in me. Your own noble instincts will raise you above selfish and unworthy considerations; those same instincts will point out to you quickly if I deviate from a just and upright path. When you find me moving in a false direction, you can at once absolve yourself from further allegiance to, and reliance on me. Now relate to me what has happened at Kingswood Hall to compel you to quit it in haste and secrecy."

Eric asked for a little consideration, which Ishmael at once granted to him; and after a short and anxious reflection, he rose up and extended both hands to Ishmael, and said, in a rich, full tone of voice,

"My mother's truest friend, I will have faith in you."

Ishmael wrung his hands; there was a glittering gush of water in his eyes for a moment, but his constant habit of self-control quelled him him to master it, and say, almost at once,

"You have decided wisely. Your confidence will not be misplaced; the future will prove it. Now to your history."

Eric, then, with some hesitation at first, but afterwards with energy and excitement, related all that had befallen him since Ishmael had left him at Kingswood Hall.

We err. Not all. He omitted from his narrative all mention of *Lady Maud*, save the recital of his exciting pursuit after her affrighted steed, and her subsequent rescue. Further, he did not name his meeting with "The Wonder of Kingswood Chace," his encounter with Tubal Kish, when Cyril bore her away to a place of safety, or the subsequent meeting with her on the night before his duel with Philip Avon.

But, he related every other circumstance with truth and fidelity. On the interviews with Lady and with Lord Kingswood, he touched but slightly, but he dwelt with much earnestness upon the events which attended his occupation of the apartments in the ancient portion of Kingswood Hall. He was thrilled and excited while recounting his strange, mystical dreams. Even as he related them to Ishmael, they appeared vividly before him. He spoke of the portrait of the Lady Maud in his sleeping apartment, and the marble statue of her in the old library. He told of the wondrous illusions he had witnessed while alone with Lord Kingswood. He harped upon all these strange occurrences with more persistency and repetition than upon any other incident in which he had taken part. He repeated the doggerel lines which appeared to relate to himself, and especially did he dwell on the event which happened in the old picture-gallery, when Lady Kingswood, with agitated perturbation, pointed out to Lord Kingswood the resemblance which Eric bore to the ancient portrait of the bad Baron of Kingswood, together with the catastrophe which brought the portrait to the ground, and caused Lady Kingswood to faint, and Lord Kingswood to utter to him a string of almost incoherent reproaches.

When he had exhausted this part of his narration, he related his duel with Philip Avon. He, however, passed it lightly over. He produced the letter which Philip Avon had sent to him, and acknowledged that his reply was to give the meeting required. He declared with some little earnestness that he had no intention of killing his challenger, even though he knew that he sought his own life. He had used his skill to wound him, and he believed that he had gone no farther. As, however, the event was one which was calculated to place him in the worst possible odor with Lord Kingswood, he admitted that previous to the duel he had decided to quit Kingswood Hall, if successful in the meeting, or, if unsuccessful, to rest quietly beneath the waving turf in Kingswood Chace.

He added that whatever might have been his intentions, his appearance at Gray's Mount was purely accidental, and he mentioned his sojourn with his friend Carlton Stanhope, and the cause of his abruptly quitting his roof.

Ishmael heard him in silence from the commencement to the end of his story. Not a sign did he betray of wonder, anger, or dissatisfaction. Not a gesture or look betrayed what he felt, but he sat calmly, coldly, rigidly, and heard him to the end.

Then he uprose, and paced the room for some time.

At last he paused, and facing Eric, he said—

"The great poet has wisely said, 'There is a divinity doth shape our ends, rough hew them how we will.' I have devised a line of action, the subject of years of thought, contemplation, and construction. It is scattered to the winds by the inevitable course your destiny has impelled, and will compel you to pursue. It is a marvel to me that I should wholly and utterly have overlooked the History of the House of Kingswood, have forgotten the doom that clings to it, and should have unconsciously played a part in its fulfilment, and to those ancient records the memorial of me has wholly been erased. To me! I see that I have, by a mysterious power unknown and unconscious to myself, evoked mysterious signs and the ominous utterances of the dead, to the ruin of the living. The truth of the Lady Maud's prophecy is manifest. Kingswood is doomed, and nothing now remains but to prepare, without delay, to do battle with the fiend Despair, the unbearable weariness of the days of expectation, or be as it were no more, for the wreck and family is for you to draw together, which is dark and doomed no more."

"You will at least communicate to me the course you expect—let me not be left in darkness—let me not be left to grope my way some unaided. "Ishmael, I do not wish to be a spectre of ill omen, and how far I am one with you remains to be proved."

"In good time you shall know," returned Ishmael. "You have not only let an ugly path. You have asked well on that. You shall receive my confidence. I feel that I am in part responsible for your present position. I am glad to find that you have preserved yourself from the vices of your race, and I am grateful that you have taught the impression, firmly engraved on your mind by the lesson of Hawthorne's lesson he will not easily forget."

"Or fail to seek to repay," replied Eric, with a curling lip.

"Let him," responded Ishmael. "You have crossed his path, he has told you. I know not how, I care not why, but I know that you will cross it again, and he will know that, too. One thing I would refer to before I close this interview; it is of importance. Did you hear mentioned, while staying with your school friend, the Christian name of his father?"

"Harris," replied Eric; "Sir Harris Stanhope."

"Who he acquainted with Lord Kingswood?" asked Ishmael, quickly.

"I have told you already," replied Eric, "that Sir Harris is on the most intimate terms with Lord Kingswood, and possesses great influence with him."

"No doubt," muttered Ishmael, with bitter sarcasm. Then he muttered, in a tone of soliloquy, "It is he—the very man."

Turning to Eric, he said—

"You parted on friendly terms with Carlton Stanhope, your school-fellow?"

"I—I left him a note," stammered Eric. "I acted with foolish impulsiveness; but the expected visit of Cyril Kingswood disconcerted me somewhat, and I inconsiderately quitted the house of my friend during his absence."

A faint smile curled the lip of Ishmael.

"It is as well as it is," he observed. "It is my wish that you should excite attention, even wonder, by your movements. I would not have you like the common herd. You shall come and go alike—soon before expected—none are your presence, with a cry of surprise, is acknowledged. Mark me, Eric, I would have you cultivate the friendship of this Carlton Stanhope, but especially that of his father. To show you how Heaven speaks in what are called coincidences, that man, Sir Harris Stanhope, is intimately connected with your destiny. You must win his friendship, and obtain his confidence. Why, you shall know when the knowledge will be indeed worth the possession. You will accompany me hence; and now I will arrange your matters with Pengreep myself. Come. Once more I remove you from the place of your sojourning, but this time to instal you in a home wherein you will not meet with the insults and slights dealt to you at Kingswood Hall, but where you will go through that probation which shall teach you to solve the Wonder of Kingswood Chace, and step thence into the halls of Kingswood with a might, and power, and a right, with which Lord Kingswood cannot interfere, or any other authority question."

With these words he unlocked the door, and descended the stairs. Eric followed him, and found at the foot old Pengreep and the apparently older Miss Virgo, waiting, with cringing aspect, to pay their respects.

In the street stood a carriage of the handsomest description, superbly ornamented. A rich mulberry hammer-cloth was adorned with armorial bearings, and a pair of tall bright bays were harnessed to the equipage, whose trappings were exceedingly rich in their ornamentation. Both coachman and the six-foot footman wore powdered wigs, and were most aristocratic in their appearance, especially so in the estimation of a small swarm of dirty children, who looked on the grand vehicle and its surroundings in ineffable wonder and an ecstacy of delight.

Into this carriage Eric was handed, and Ishmael quickly followed him, uttering a word that went at once to Eric's heart.

That word was—

"Home!"

### CHAPTER XXVI.

Yes, the name of home stirred the heart of Eric; still it sounded strangely on his ear. Home, with its many dear and kindred associations, was to him an idea, a something indescribably precious and beloved to the majority with whom he had come in contact, but to him an unrealized conception.

He had depicted it as something the very opposite to Cramboy House, in which the principal portion of his life had been passed. He pictured it as some cheerful, happy place, where perpetual harmony, felicity, and sunshine reigned. It was necessary to people it, and he did so with maniman blooming and beautiful; fathers, dignified but generous, yielding and amiable; brothers, the type of his frankest and least selfish schoolfellows; and pretty sisters, whose love and devotion were lavished on their brothers.

He regarded it, from his speculative point of view, as a haven of shelter, of repose, of peace, freedom from constraint, in short, the

your ears. She is worth the cherishing, and she needs it, for she is—woman."

He released her hand which he had called in Erie's, and turned abruptly away, leaving them looking into each other's face, with an expression of breathless wonder.

At length the maiden dropped her eyes and withdrew her hand.

A slight color heightened her pale face as she suddenly sprained her eyes, and turned upon him a passionately appealing look.

What this look meant he did not clearly comprehend; still there was an impression conveyed that she asked of him silence respecting the past, and he inwardly resolved to comply with her tacit wish.

He spoke to her, modulating his voice so that it should sound in her ears re-assuringly.

"I will try to be your friend," he said, earnestly. "I will be faithful to your interest. I will make your happiness a grateful duty, and secure it so far as I can. I will be honorable and just. Parentless like myself, nurtured in isolation like myself, my heart will be drawn closer to you, and the bond of sympathy thus created shall never by me be broken."

She looked hastily round at Ishmael. His back was still turned towards them, and she hastily caught Erie's hand and raised it to her lips. She let it fall instantaneously, and muttered—

"I will trust in you."

She looked again round at Ishmael, who remained yet immovable.

She clasped her hands together, and said, in a rapid, yet scarcely audible tone—

"I so need a friend; you, of all of Heaven's creatures, be my friend. You are powerful—you are a spirit. I have seen you in the moonbeams in the Chace; I have seen you in my dreams. You preside over the destinies of Kingswood. Oh, in mercy befriend me."

She dropped her hands with an abrupt and swift action, as she concluded, and stood motionless, for Ishmael again approached them.

"Attend me, Erie," he said, in a quiet, grave voice; "I have yet something to say to you, some instructions to give, and perhaps some counsel, which may possibly share the fate of proffered advice. Nevertheless, it is necessary I should in some degree *now* fit you *for* the part you have to play. Violet," he added, turning to the maiden, with eyes fixed in a vacant gaze, stood without motion. She started on being addressed, and looked at him with a timid aspect, as though expecting to hear some communication from him that would chill her blood and plunge her yet deeper into that despair in which she was already only too deeply sunk.

"Violet," he said, gently, "you will await our return here, and when we rejoin you, I hope to be able to make a communication to you that will restore the bloom to your cheek and the brightness to your eye. The term of your seclusion has passed away; the loneliness of a secret home has terminated; the fancies and the imaginings of a youth passed unchecked, unguided, untaught by the lessons of social life, will be erased; and you will enter upon new scenes, new joys, new pleasures, indeed a new existence, which will teach you how vain are cherished beliefs, how delusive are romantic impressions, how hollow and false youthful promises, how treacherous are early convictions. The lesson is a harsh one, but it must be conned—and few of us escape a too ready facility of its application. Be at least comforted in this, you have now a friend who will not deceive you—one, Violet, mark me, who will not permit your young, credulous, innocent, yielding nature to be deceived."

He uttered the last sentence with stern emphasis, and quitted the apartment with a slow, dignified carriage. Erie followed him, but his eyes were fastened upon Violet, and she had hers on him, and still with the same earnest, appealing expression in them—which, if it bore not reference to Cyril Kingswood, he knew not how to interpret. If it were possible to lend to his own gaze an expression that might give birth to hope in her heart—that would impress her with a conviction that she was no longer isolated from sympathising friendship—that she might lay bare her soul to him in the full assurance that he would counsel, guide, sustain, and serve her—he achieved it. There was a brightening of her look as she seemed to read this expression, and an aspect of gratefulness, which satisfied him that she understood that language which has many other potent meanings beyond those which love seeks to convey through its medium.

As he made his way to Ishmael's private sitting-room he was surprised by the dimensions and the magnificent scale upon which the house was constructed. Every appointment was of the most costly and elegant kind, and evidences of wealth were to be seen in every direction. He was not less surprised to learn from Ishmael, when they were alone once more, that he was to regard that establishment in some degree as his own, that he would be supplied with a liberal income, which would render him independent of making pecuniary requests when inclination or fancy demanded the employment of money. His own servants, his own carriages, his own complete and exclusive suite of apartments were to be at once furnished to him; and he would in all his actions and arrangements be as free as though, indeed, he were liberated from all control, with the revenues of a nobleman at his command.

"I impose no limit upon you," concluded Ishmael, after making the communication which comprised the above information to him, "save on matters bearing reference to Lord Kingswood. In every event or circumstance connected with him, you must consult with me; every counsel concerning him I may give you you must scrupulously follow, every direction obey. I will impose nothing upon you legible, or from which your most refined and delicate sense of honor can shrink, but you must do it this or I shall consider—it is idle to use a less forcible expression.—

In all other things I leave you to the guidance of your nature; it is not grovelling, unjust, or debasing. There are many temptations and pitfalls in this great city. You will be surrounded by them, but your judgment which is, I am sure, paramount and your mind—which is, I am assured, formed to govern and rule—will enable you to pass unscathed through all, and leave you unmarked from the dire, sordid ruin which too often still adheres to many who have gone through the process of social annealing.

It was a full week before Erie could understand or realise his new position, but by degrees he began to get accustomed to it, and to venture abroad for recreation exercise.

During the interval he was thrown but little in the society of Violet, less in that of Ishmael, who appeared to be deeply occupied in the arrangement of affairs long neglected.

The little, however, he saw of Violet was enough to further increase his esteem at the strange, wild, mysterious character she possessed. There was a singular sweetness in the expression of her features, but with it an almost painful pathos. Her eyes, and in its expression, was yet often quick and rigid in its motions, and frequently, when no sound was perceptible to him, her eyes would dilate, her nostrils expand, and with suspended breath, she would seem to be listening to some approaching footstep the coming of which she feared.

Especially was this the case when Ishmael drew near. Once or twice, while in conversation with her, and she seemed on the eve of making some unreserved confession to Erie, she abruptly checked herself, raised her finger warningly, remained a minute in an attitude of intense expectation, and then would subside into motionlessness. The next instant Ishmael, whose advancing step Erie had not heard, would enter the room.

Another matter with regard to her embarrassed Erie. She would persist in treating him as one who had an immortal nature though in an earthly form. There was a peculiar deference in her mien when addressing him, a shrinking, not of terror; a reverence but not of devotion, which puzzled and disturbed him. He was desirous of becoming on easy, friendly terms with her, but his attempt at brotherly familiarity she received as evidences of his condescension, not as they were intended.

Her step was as light as that of a fairy, and motions as graceful as those of a seraph, but as if she were a dryad transported from her native woods to the dull home of social every-day life, she seemed out of place where she was now placed. She started at the least sound. She was disturbed by sights and noises new and strange to her, and the excitement she suffered, added to her mental sorrow, evidently, Erie perceived, was telling upon her face and frame.

Ishmael had surrounded her with tutors and professors of various accomplishments, but he had himself in her finest hours cultivated her mind and her powers far more highly than the usual routine of fashionable education extends, but although she could write her own and other languages as well as speak them with a degree of elegance, she needed that finish which professors alone can impart. She took the lessons given to her with listless apathy, and seemed to be under terrible restraint while receiving them,—one only exception she made, and that was music. This she had never learnt, and she listened in wonder and ecstacy when a mistress appointed to instruct her ran with light fingers over the keys of a pianoforte, performing a charming prelude with exquisite taste. Yet more was she entranced when the lady, young and gentle like herself, reading some untold secret in her face, sang, with sweet voice, the beautifully expressive words and plaintive air, commencing—

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek, and cold,
Colder thy kiss,
How truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this!

Then awakening, arising, springing as it were out of a trance, animated to a new sphere of existence, she devoted herself to this new study. She caught the words of these stanzas almost intuitively, and sung them in a low, soft, melodious voice, when alone only, with a passionate fervor, indescribably pathetic. She mastered the rudiments—difficult as they are—with a quickness which was little short of being miraculous. Every hour she could devote to this new and absorbing passion, she employed, and so rapidly did she improve, that her mistress found it necessary to overleap the usual progressive lessons, and advance with her to those studies only given to those who have already attained a considerable degree of proficiency.

The ease with which she executed her studies in her own and other languages, and the wonderful progress she made in music caused her tutors to talk of her wherever they went. She was spoken of as "The Wonder of Belgravia," and the fashionable young ladies, to whom she was held up as a salient example, longed to see her, and looked for and talked of her wherever they went.

Erie, after a consultation with Ishmael, rode one morning over to Hyde Park Gardens, and stopping at the house of Sir Harris Stanhope, sent up his card to Carlton, somewhat anxious to ascertain what effect his sudden disappearance might have had upon both.

Before he presumed that his card had been delivered, Carlton Stanhope made his appearance at his horse's saddle-girths. He shook Erie warmly by the hand, and looked upon his alighting, to which Erie was nothing loth.

He consigned his horse to the groom, and accompanied Carlton up stairs to the well-known sitting-room, and as they entered, Carlton exclaimed, in a joyous voice—

"Here, Beatrice, is the truant returned.—Welcome him back again, for I am sure that you have missed him even more than I have. He was always so good-naturedly attentive to you. There, Mr. Gower, go and tell Beatrice how very sorry you are for having made her very uncomfortable and very anxious regarding you."

Erie was surprised to see how pale Beatrice turned, her color then bounded within so many and when he took her hand it was cold as death, and trembled like an aspen leaf.

He was yet more amazed to find that she was unable to utter a word, and was right to faltering.

"I regret exceedingly to find that you are not well, Miss Stanhope," he exclaimed, with much concern. "I hope your indisposition is merely temporary."

"Exclusively temporary," responded Carlton Stanhope for her. "Indeed, it is only momentary, Gower. The fact is, when you bolted so very unexpectedly, Beatrice here would have it that either she or I had, in some unintended way, put some unbearable slight upon you. I defended us both. I persisted that we had not, and that you would some day turn up, rejoin our circle, and tell us so."

"And you were in the right, Stanhope," returned Erie. "I explained in my note that circumstances, over which I had no control, compelled me abruptly to leave you, and I assure you that the first visit I have since been able to pay to any one, I now pay to you."

"There, Beatrice, who is in the right?" exclaimed Carlton, patting his handsome sister upon the shoulder. "You would have it that Gower had flown to the world's end, never to return. You girls are so positive. I knew my view was the correct one; at least, for once I am in the right."

Beatrice looked up into Erie's face, and her large, brilliant dark eyes seemed to dance with delight.

"Is this, indeed, Mr. Gower, your first visit anywhere since you parted from us?" she said, in a soft, pleased tone.

"I give you my word of honor that it is," he replied.

"I am very gratified, indeed, to hear it," she replied, with a sigh, certainly not of pain, for she dropped her eyelids, and a gentle smile curled her small lips. "Gratified, I assure you, Mr. Gower, deeply, because it relieves me from the pain I felt in the fear of having unintentionally wounded you."

Before he could reply to this, a tall, elderly gentleman, with white hair and mustaches, entered the room. Carlton immediately took Erie by the hand, and said—

"Allow me, sir, to present to you the schoolfellow of whom I have several times spoken to you. This is the Mr. Gower who was staying with me, and who, by-the-by, Cyril Kingswood is so anxious to discover. Mr. Gower, this is my father, Sir Harris Stanhope."

Erie advanced towards him, but stopped on finding the features of Sir Harris Stanhope expressing the wildest amazement. His eyes seemed to be starting out of their sockets, his mouth opened, and he tried to articulate in vain. At length, extending both hands, like one suddenly smitten blind, he forced out the words—

"Water! water! water!"

Staggering back, he sank upon the sofa in a convulsive fit.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## CONGRESS.

In the Senate speeches have been made by Senator Baker, of Oregon, against the right of secession, and in favor of executing the laws of the Union, both in the North and the South.

Senator Douglas also delivered a speech, denouncing the Republicans for denying the right of Secession, denying also the policy of coercion, except as a last resort, and urging the re-enactment of the Missouri Compromise.

The President sent in the nomination of Peter McIntyre, of York, Pennsylvania, as Collector of the port of Charleston.

In the House Mr. Bingham, from the Judiciary Committee, has offered a Bill almost an exact copy of General Jackson's Force Bill. It provides for the execution of the revenue laws, when necessary by reason of unlawful obstructions, either on land or on board a vessel; vessels to be detained until the duties are paid in cash; and the land or naval forces, or militia of the United States to be employed if necessary.

REGENERATION OF BONE.—It appears from the experiments of a French surgeon, in the Hospital of Bayeux, that bone can be regenerated. A man at Bayeux was taken to the hospital with a compound fracture of the leg, caused by crushing beneath a falling wall. The tibia was literally ground beneath the shock, and the thigh crushed out of all shape or proportion. Amputation was impossible under the circumstances, and M. Motiet resolved to reduce the fracture to the best of his ability, and leave the rest to nature. Every care was bestowed upon the patient during the six months which ensued. At the end of that time, a fragment of the tibia, of the length of two-and-five centimetres, was expelled—the largest, according to M. Fleuren's report, ever yet rejected by the effort of nature. A few weeks after this, formation of a new bone became apparent, at first soft and yielding beneath the touch, but hardening by degrees, until it became as capable of resistance as its fellow. This regeneration was accomplished in another six months, but at the end of that time the patient left the hospital perfectly cured, having lost not one line of his height, and walking without any limp.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.—Our Paris correspondent recently gave us some gossip relative to the reported predictions of a Nubian soothsayer. But further still the gossiping world carries the story of the interview with the Empress, to wit: that she told the Empress her fate would be like that of the first Emperor Napoleon, as surely as the fate of the third and the first Emperor would be of kindred character. The Majesty regard the visit of Eugenie to England, so hurriedly undertaken, the journey from the railway in two common street cabs—and the humble bearing of the Emperor, as the precursor of the prophesied fates of things. It will take much to drive the notion out of English heads that there is a misunderstanding at the French Court of a grave nature.

☞ "Don't you mean to marry, my dear sir?" "No, my dear widow, I'd rather lose all the ribs I've got, than take another."

## THE PALMETTO FLAG.

The flag adopted by South Carolina has fifteen white stars on a marine blue field in the centre, and the motto "Animis opibusque parati" in white letters, and crescent on the upper staff hand corner, and the corner spaces, for both the ground and on which the palmetto and crescent is placed, are of red. It presents, nearly as we can give it, the following appearance:

## SECESSION ITEMS.

Vice President Breckinridge has written a letter to Gov. Magoffin, of Ky., in which he says on the ground that one State cannot withdraw without the consent of the others. But he wants new guarantees.

Five thousand citizens of Baltimore have signed a letter addressed to Gov. Hicks, of Maryland, approving his course in refusing to convene the Legislature of that State. The list is headed by John P. Kennedy, Mr. Fillmore's Secretary of the Navy, and comprises the names of nine-tenths of the business men of the city.

The South Carolina Commissioners considered the abrupt refusination by the President of their business with him, as grossly insulting to themselves and their State. They treat it as the initiation of war, and in this spirit they left Washington for Charleston. It is said that the President returned their last note without comment.

THE PORT OF CHARLESTON.—The New York merchants anticipate that the revolutionary troubles will stop the shipments of cargoes from Charleston, as no bills of exchange drawn on cargoes thus situated can be negotiated. Shipmasters and merchants are likely, in the present state of things, to be very shy of approaching Charleston. Cotton has already commenced to move to Virginia ports.

The returns of the election in Georgia indicate that there will be a majority of the members of the Convention in favor of immediate secession.

The State troops of Georgia now occupy forts Pulaski and Jackson, and the United States Arsenal in Savannah. The Savannah papers state that, but for this action, the forts would have been seized by a spontaneous uprising of the people.

The order for the removal of 124 cannon from Pittsburg to Southern forts, has been rescinded.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 3.—Intelligence was received last night that Fort Sumpter is now besieged; that all of Major Anderson's communications are cut off; that Fort Moultrie has been repaired and her guns re-mounted and ready to open fire on Major Anderson.—New batteries are being opened around him by the secessionists, and every day his danger and the difficulty of reinforcing him are increased. His frequent applications for reinforcements, and even the tears and prayers of his wife having failed to move the President, he has determined never again to renew his request, but will perish, if he must, in the fort. His men have bound themselves by oath to stand or perish with him. (Since denied.)

It is beyond a doubt that a combination is forming to take forcible possession of the Government at Washington, on or before the 4th of March, but the time is not yet determined.

Gen. Scott is recalling the light artillery from Texas to the sea coast, and will have an available force in Washington to prepare for the inauguration. It is not yet known whether any of the States will be called on for troops. Much will depend upon the aspect of matters in the next few weeks.

THE REVENUE CUTTER WILLIAM AIKIN.—It has already been stated that Capt. Coste, of the United States revenue-cutter William Aiken, at Charleston, had resigned his commission. It is now alleged that he subsequently sworn in his crew as officers of the independent State of South Carolina, and hoisting the Palmetto flag, proclaimed the vessel and her appurtenances the property of the said independent State. The officers under Capt. Coste were: First Lieut. Underwood; Second Lieut H. O. Porter (a son of the late Commodore Porter), and Third Lieut. H. J. Gambrill, of Maryland. It is stated that when Capt. C. took possession of the brig in the name of South Carolina, they immediately retired to the city and notified the Department at Washington of Coste's act, themselves awaiting further orders from the General Government.

We are happy to state that most of the cannon that were spiked at Fort Moultrie are now in good condition, the metal pins that the United States officers were kind enough to leave in the touch-holes being removed.—*Charleston Paper.*

It is proposed to starve out the troops in Fort Sumpter, and then attack them on rafts from the old of the batteries already erected. A battery of earthworks, with guns and mortars, has been constructed on the end of Sullivan's Island, and another on Morris Island. The expectation was entertained that the United States steamer, Harriet Lane, would arrive on the night of the 31st, and there was a determination to fire upon and sink her if she attempted to enter. As yet there has been no clearance made out for vessels under the new tariff. The first vessel that arrives from Liverpool will create a rumpus.

Private accounts from Charleston, state that a thousand negroes are engaged in the erection of fortifications in the harbor. The channel leading to Fort Sumpter have been obstructed by sunken vessels, and the buoys removed.

The Post-office Department has cancelled its contract with the steamer Isabel, for the conveyance of the mails from Charleston to Key West.

A special messenger received at the War Department with the official papers of Virginian commander of Fort Sumpter, for the removal of Dr. Leonard. He states that the fort is in every way tenable, that (although one of the cisterns evidently leaks, and admits enough salt water to make the contents brackish) there will be no want of water or food; that, by husbanding the fuel, they can cook their provisions; and, in short, that they can defend themselves and their stronghold.

Salutes are being fired all over the North in honor of Major Anderson.

Mr. Peter McIntyre, of York, Pennsylvania, has been appointed Collector of the port of Charleston. It is rumored that he is to go in the Revenue cutter Harriet Lane, and will be backed by the Home Squadron.

Mr. Holt, on recommendation of General Scott, has appointed Captain C. Seane Inspector General of Militia in the District of Columbia. To him is entrusted the important duty of immediately organizing the District militia, to repel invasion, suppress insurrection, and preserve public property. Seane's commission will be issued by the President to-day. He is a West Point graduate, and Scott has the highest opinion of him.

## GOVERNORS' MESSAGES.

GOV. PACKER, OF PENNSYLVANIA, gives a very satisfactory exhibit of the finances of the State, the public debt has been reduced $1,000,000 during the past year. He recommends the repeal of certain laws, which he considers ought to give the master the right to claim, as a matter of right, in the State with his slave, when he is upon business, and advises the re-enactment of the Missouri Compromise.

GOV. RANEY, OF MISSOURI, in his valedictory, denies the right of secession, and recommended the repeal of the personal liberty bill.

GOV. MORGAN, OF NEW YORK, devotes the last portion of his message to the secession difficulties, closing by saying, that "It is the duty of the National Executive to act with promptitude and firmness, and the National Legislature with moderation and conciliation, and the public press with that regard to the rights of all sections and interests which its vast interest demands."

"Let New York set the example in this respect. Let her oppose no barrier, but let her Representatives in Congress give a ready support to any just and honorable adjustment. Let her stand in hostility to none, but, attending to the band of fifty-two, live up to the strict letter of the Constitution, and cordially unite with the other members of the Confederacy in preserving and expressing a determination to have the Constitution what he honored, and the Union of the States be preserved."

He recommends the repeal of the personal liberty bills.

GOV. BLAIR, OF MICHIGAN, denies the right of secession. If admitted, no Government remains to us, but only a voluntary association of States, dissolved at the pleasure of any of them.

If South Carolina may of right secede, then may also New York and Louisiana, thus cutting off the free right of way of the cities of the North West to the ocean in both directions. The doctrine cannot be admitted. Self-preservation, if no other reason, would compel us to resist it.

He denies that the personal liberty laws have had the effect of preventing the execution of the fugitive slave law in a single instance; but whenever an appeal has been made to the Courts to enforce that law, it has been done in good faith.

He invites a judicial scrutiny into the legislation of the State, and is willing to abide by the result, but is not willing that the State should be humiliated by a compliance with the demand to repeal these laws, accompanied with threats of violence and war.

Michigan is loyal and he advises the Legislature to proffer to the President of the United States the whole military force of the State.

GOV. JACKSON, OF MISSOURI, says that the destiny of the slaveholding States is identical, and Missouri will best consult her own interests and the interests of the whole country by a timely declaration of her determination to stand by her sister slaveholding States, in whose wrongs she participates, and with whose institutions and people she sympathizes.

Missouri will remain in the Union so long as there is a hope of maintaining the guarantees of the Constitution; but if the Northern States are determined to put the slaveholding States on a footing of inequality by preventing the entrance of slaves into the territories, and admitting no more slave States, and persisting in nullifying and perverting the Constitution with reference to slave property, then they themselves practically abandon the Union, and cannot expect the South to submit to such a government.

The Governor opposes coercion, and says the project of maintaining the Government by force may lead to a consolidated despotism, but never to union. Our Government is based upon the principles of justice and equality. Standing armies and mercenary soldiers may subject us, but they will not redress a violated Constitution. The first bloodshed in a war of aggression upon sovereign States will result in the overthrow of the entire federal system.

The Governor has not abandoned all hope for the preservation of the Union, but believes that by prudence and well directed efforts an adjustment, alike honorable to both sections, may be effected. He is opposed to Congressional compromises. The South can rely only upon Constitutional guarantees, and to effect this end he advises the calling of a Southern Convention, to agree upon such amendments to the Constitution as would secure their just rights, and submit them to the Northern States for their action. He also advises the calling of a State Convention, to ascertain the will of the people on the subject.

The Governor advises a thorough organization of the militia, to repel invasion and protect the property of citizens. He recommends the legalization of the suspension of specie payments by the banks.

## THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the evening quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The regular stock board was not held.

| | Bid. | Asked. |
|---|---|---|
| **LOANS.** | | |
| U. S. 6's of 1867 | 104 | 104½ |
| " 6's of 1868 | 103 | 103½ |
| " 6's of 1862 | 103 | 103½ |
| " 6's of 1863 | 103 | 103½ |
| " 6's of 1881 | 103 | 103½ |
| Penna. 6's of 1877 | 104 | 104½ |
| " 6's of 1878 | 104 | 104½ |
| " 5's | 97 | 97½ |
| Phila. 6's of 1881 | 104 | 104½ |
| " 6's of 1882 | 104 | 104½ |
| " 6's of 1883 | 104 | 104½ |
| " 6's of 1884 | 104 | 104½ |
| " 6's of

## NEWS ITEMS.

The Detroit Tribune Annex—By the old law the regular Union Democratic County ticket of about 3,000 majority was elected. In 1860, nominally, two years after the new law, the same ticket was elected by a majority of 1,500. The fact is more marked even than the history of the Union; some in Pitt, hanging the man in effigy; others in Oregon, Colifornia, and Washington Territory, hailing their fellow-men as brothers.

A SPECIALTY OF DISEASES OF THE CHEST, by name, is the business of a doctor for the Pacific Railroad, who has a long article in the papers concerning the naming of everything. The administration of the parish of Rosemary (Lotus) recently passed in the night a crooked law, which would call no council, and he resigned it with as good a grace as it pommeled it with as good a grace. He has since undertaken the care of other bulls similarly disordered, at Manchester, Charlestown, St. Domingo Colonies, Amity, St. Genevieve, &c.

AT a fire, which recently broke out at a tallow-chandler's in Paris, and which, from the great mass of combustible materials collected in the other where it broke out, the heroism of the firemen was conspicuous. The conflagration was promptly and effectually arrested by the presence of mind of those on the spot at once. All the doors and windows were opened, and the steam from a steam-engine at work on the premises was let on into the cellar. In a few minutes the fire was completely extinguished, although several casks of oil and tallow were carried on the outside.

GEN. CASSIUS CLAY, Penn'sula, has been offered the position of Secretary of the Treasury, by Mr. Lincoln, and has accepted. So the General's friends say, though Mr. McClure, just returned from Springfield, denies it.

A FRENCH PAPER received from Port Jefferson, Key West, says the five Spanish vessels are lying off the harbor. Their destination is not known, but the supposition is, that they meditate an attack on the Mexican coast.

## LET THEM SLIDE.

They must have some jolly good fellows, as well as sensible men, in the City Council of Bangor, Maine, to judge by the following model report of a resolution to restrain the boys from sliding in certain of the streets had been referred to a Committee, who thus gally reported in favor of

"LETTING 'EM SLIDE."

"It would be very difficult for your Committee to place any limits to the disposition of sliding and letting things slide, which is so prevalent among all classes in the community. The propensity for sliding was introduced into the world by our first parents, who, for sliding from the path of virtue into the gully of disobedience, were obliged to slide out of Paradise, and their descendants have been addicted to the same practice.

"The church was instituted to reclaim men and maintain virtue and religion in the world; but this same propensity has entered there also, and produced its legitimate fruit in a race of backsliders.

"Of late years this propensity has broken out and made rapid progress in the political world. Governor Banks originated the famous phrase—'Let the Union slide!' Since then there has sprung up a large party at the South, which, strange as it may seem, has adopted the motto of the chief of Massachusetts republicans, and seems determined to 'let the Union slide.'

"While, therefore, the moral, the religious, and the political world are full of sliding and backsliding, and it is common to hear on every side—'let her slide!' 'let her slide!' 'let her slip!'—your Committee feel that it would be a great assumption on their part to limit the decision for 'Young America' to conform to the example of their elders; and we have come to the conclusion to let the boys slide and everybody look out for their shins.'

THE TREATY WITH CHINA.—A despatch from Baron Gros to the Government of the Emperor, transmitted from Pekin by way of St. Petersburg, and dated the 7th of November, confirms the news of the signing of peace between the brother of the Emperor and the plenipotentiaries of France and of England. The ultimatum of Shanghae has been accepted. The exchange of the ratifications of the treaty of Tien-tsin has taken place. Sixty millions of francs are to be paid as an indemnity to France; 8,750,000 francs were to be paid down on the 30th of November.

The emigration of coolies is permitted by the Chinese Government. The churches, cemeteries, and their dependencies, which formerly belong to the Christians throughout the Empire, will be restored to them through the medium of the Minister of France.

A *Te Deum* and the *Domine Salvum* were sung on the 28th of October, in the Cathedral of Pekin, after the restoration on the summit of that edifice of the cross which was formerly there.

DELAWARE.—Mr. Dickenson, Commissioner from Mississippi, addressed the Legislature of Delaware on the 3rd, in favor of South Carolina and secession, and invited Delaware to join the Southern Confederacy. He claimed the right of the States to secede. If they were not allowed to do so war was inevitable. His speech was greeted with mingled applause and hisses.

After the speech, the House adopted the following resolution by a unanimous vote:—

*Resolved*, By the Senate and House of Representatives in General Assembly met, that having extended to Hon. H. Dickenson, Commissioner from Mississippi, the courtesy due him as the representative of a sovereign State of the Confederacy, as well as to the State he represents, we deem it proper and due to ourselves and to the people of Delaware, to express our unqualified disapproval of the remedy for the existing difficulties suggested by the resolution of the Legislature of Mississippi.

The Senate concurred by a majority in the resolution.

☞ When men, by age, fall in their sight and hearing, they had better console themselves with the thought that they have seen and heard quite enough.

☞ He who tries on his first pair of skates, presents to the public eye a strange blending of Fall and Winter.

## BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WILSON & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street, Philadelphia, January 5, 1861.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Alabama | 10 dis. | Missouri | 10 dis. |
| Canada | 1 dis. | Nebraska | |
| Connecticut | par | New Brunswick | 10 dis. |
| Delaware | par to 1 dis. | New England | par |
| District of Columbia | 1 dis. | New Hampshire | par to 1 dis. |
| Florida | 10 dis. | New Jersey | par |
| Georgia | 10 dis. | New York | par |
| Illinois | 10 dis. | North Carolina | 1 dis. |
| Indiana | 2 to 5 dis. | Nova Scotia | 10 dis. |
| Iowa | 10 dis. | Ohio | par |
| Kansas | 10 dis. | Pennsylvania | par to 1 dis. |
| Kentucky | 1 dis. | Rhode Island | par |
| Louisiana | 2 dis. | South Carolina | 10 dis. |
| Maine | 10 dis. | Tennessee | 10 dis. |
| Maryland | 2 dis. | Texas | 10 dis. |
| Massachusetts | par | Vermont | par |
| Michigan | 5 dis. | Virginia | 1 dis. |
| Minnesota | 10 dis. | Wisconsin | 10 dis. |

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Office of Publication, No. 106 Chestnut Street, Above Fourth, Philadelphia.

TERMS IN ADVANCE.

1 copy (and one of the premium plates) $2.00
2 " (and one of the premium plates to each copy of Club) 3.50
5 " (and one of the premium plates to each copy of Club) 8.00
4 " (and one of the premium plates to each copy of Club) 6.00
8 " (and one copy of Magazine, and one premium plate to getter-up of Club) 10.00
15 " (and an extra copy of Magazine, and one premium plate to getter-up of Club) 15.00
17 " (and an extra copy of Magazine, and both premium plates to getter-up of Club) 20.00

☞ The 4 and 8 copies must be sent in every case, to get the cost of mailing each premium plate. ☞ Postmasters are requested to act as agents to receive, or make up clubs.

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Home Magazine and Saturday Evening Post, $3.

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GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING STORE,
AND
PATENT SHOULDER SEAM SHIRT
MANUFACTORY,
NO. 706 CHESTNUT STREET,
Above Seventh, opposite the Washington House.

Five SHIRTS and DRAWERS made from measurement at a few days' notice, and in all cases WARRANTED to fit.
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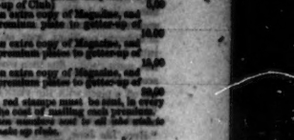


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THE PATENT LEG has been in use 10 years, and the inventor has received over all competitors fifty most honorary awards from distinguished and scientific societies in the principal cities of the world; among which are the great MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITION in LONDON and NEW YORK. Nearly 3,000 limbs in daily use, and an increasing patronage indicate the selection of "Palmer's Patent" as the best.

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oct6-1y 376 Chestnut St., Philada.

☞ $5,000 WANTED—To sell five new inventions—one very recent, and of great value to families. ALL pay great profits to Agents. Send four stamps, and get 32 pages particulars. EPHRAIM BROWN,
oct20-cow71 Lowell, Mass.

P. P. P.

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THESE DELIGHTFUL PLASTERS yield readily to the motion of the body, absorb perspiration and thereby cut off all the offensive coagulated impurities of the system. They should be used for all Chronic Pains, Weakness, Dyspepsia, Colds, Consumption, Rheumatism, Female Weakness, etc. They retain their active properties when other Plasters are useless, and where applied pain cannot exist. Every family should have them. One size on cloth, three sizes on leather. Samples sent by mail, on receipt of 25 cents.

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12 and 15 Park Row, N. Y.

WHAT IS IT?—The whole world replies in chorus, "It is the most excellent article ever made." Then, again, comes the question—What is it? "LYON'S KATHAIRON, for Everybody Everybody Try it and prove its excellence. Sold by all dealers for 25 cents a bottle. dec26-4t

$100 PER MONTH made by any one with STENCIL TOOLS. I sell the cheapest and best. Send for my circular, which fully explains the business. Address
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jan5-3t Lawrence, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

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Jan19-3 323 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

## WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market has been dull and quiet this week, and there have been but few sales of any description reported. Sales of superfine at $4.75@5 per bbl. Extras range from $5.25@5.50, and extra family from $5.75@6.25. Fancy brands are held at $6.50@7.50, according to quality. Rye Flour is selling in small lots at $3.25@3.37½ per bbl. Corn Meal is dull, and prices are nominal. Sales of Penna. at $3.12½ per bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts and offerings of wheat continue light, and the demand is fair. Sales of 5,000 bushels Penna. red at $1.30 per bushel, and 1,000 bushels white at $1.35 for fair to good. Rye is in demand, and sales of 2,000 bushels at $1.05 for Penna. and $1.06 for Jersey. Corn is in fair request, and sales of 10,000 bushels at 57½c for yellow, and 55c for mixed, in store. Oats are in demand, and sales of 10,000 bushels at 32½c for prime dry new Penna., and 31c for old. Barley is quiet and the market is bare of all but inferior qualities. Malt is in demand, and sales of 2,000 bushels at 90c for prime dry new Penna., and 85c for old.

PROVISIONS—Holders are rather firmer in their views, but the receipts and sales of the week are quite moderate. Sales of Mess Pork at $17.50 per bbl. for the season. We quote Prime Pork at $16.50, and city Mess Beef at $16@16.50 per bbl. Sales of Prime Mess Beef at $13@13.50 per bbl. Hams are in demand, and sales of 200 bbls. at 9½@10c for sugar-cured, and 8@8½c for common. Shoulders are quiet at 6½@7c. Bacon is in fair request, and sales of 200,000 lbs. at 8½@9c for shoulders, in salt, and reported on terms kept secret. Lard is in demand, and sales of 200 bbls. and kegs at 10@10½c, and 500 bbls. and kegs on private terms. Tallow is quiet at 8½@8½c for country, and 9c for prime.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is in fair request, and sales of 200 bushels at 5½@5¾c. Timothy is quiet at $2.50@2.75 per bushel. Flaxseed is dull at $1.50@1.60 per bushel.

WHISKEY—Sales of 500 bbls. at 24c per gallon, drawn, and 23c per gallon, in bond.

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PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 964 head. Prices varying from $7 to $8.50 for ordinary, and $9 to 9.75 for extra ₩ cwt. 75 Cows sold at prices ranging from $25 to 60. 2500 Sheep brought from 4½ to 5c ₩ lb. live weight, and from 6 to 10c dressed. 520 Hogs were disposed of at from $7 to 7.50.

SENT FREE, *for the benefit of Nervous Sufferers.* THE WARNING VOICE, on the self-cure of Debility, Confusion of Ideas, &c.; by a Former Sufferer—containing, also, an Exposure of the Impositions and Deceptions practiced by quacks. Inclosing stamp, simply address, Box 3016, Boston, Mass. jan12-4t

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VENTRILOQUISM.—Full instructions how to learn this art in a few hours practice, sent to any person for three cents.
Address J. F. JAMIESON,
15 Calhoun, Illinois.

## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

By the Rev. R. C. Matlack, Mr. Reginald G. Waters, to Miss Annie B. only daughter of Benjamin Ward, all of this city.

On January 3rd, 1861, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Jacob Bard, to Miss Mary E. Bard, daughter of Mr. Abel Bard, all of this city.

On the 3rd instant, by the Rev. Mr. Hatfield, Mr. Edward Bard, of New York, to Miss Mary E. Bard, daughter of Mr. Abel Bard, all of this city.

On the 3rd instant, by the Right Rev. Bishop Wood, M. P. Dallett, of New York, to Anna Louisa, daughter of the late Dr. Thomas Harris, all of this city.

On Monday, 31st ultimo, at the residence of the bride's father, Samuel Ashmead, Esq., by the Rev. Dr. Wyatt, Mr. Thomas Ashmead Wyatt, of Washington City, to Miss Mary Ashmead, daughter of the late Samuel Ashmead, of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Mr. Hatfield, Mr. John Hallowell, of Philadelphia, to Miss Maggie Crawford, of Germantown.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph L. Gobin, Mr. Samuel Hall, to Miss Rebecca Ann Hall, all of this city.

On Monday, 31st ultimo, at the residence of the bride's father, Samuel Ashmead, Esq., by the Rev. Dr. Wyatt, Mr. Thomas Ashmead Wyatt, of Washington City, to Miss Mary Ashmead, daughter of the late Samuel Ashmead, of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Mr. Hatfield, Mr. John Hallowell, of Philadelphia, to Miss Maggie Crawford, of Germantown.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph L. Gobin, Mr. Samuel Hall, to Miss Rebecca Ann Hall, all of this city.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Cairo, Greene county, N. Y., on Thursday, 20th inst., CAROLINE V., only daughter of Samuel R. and Harriet Stevens, aged 3 years, 1 month and 20 days.

On the 2d instant, VIRGINIA PORTER, in her 20th year.

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 2, JOSEPH SAPPINGTON, in his 74th year.

After residence in Mount Holly, N. J., on Sunday, the 30th ultimo, ROYD B. CELLY, in her 23d year.

On yesterday morning, 4th ultimo, MARY F. wife of Henry F. Lawrence, in her 33d year.

On Sunday, Dec. 30, THOMAS P. TUCKER, in his 23d year.

On the 31st ultimo, Mrs. SARAH YARD, relict of John Yard, in her 69th year.

Suddenly, on the 31st ultimo, Mr. PHILIP MILLER, in his 69th year.

On the 1st instant, JOHN PERRIN, in his 63d year.

In Chester, Island of Cuba, Dec. 26th, Capt. Thomas Ivens Pilsbie, aged 36 years.

In this city, of the 31st ultimo, ELIZA, wife of Geo. W. Graham, aged 31 years.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH GRAHAM, wife of Jos. F. Graham, aged 81 years.

IMPORTANT TO STOCK GROWERS.
The THIRD VOLUME of the
AMERICAN STOCK JOURNAL,
Commences January 1st, 1861.

It is devoted exclusively to matters relating to the care and management of our domestic animals, and is by far the largest, cheapest, and most widely circulated paper of the kind in the world. No stock grower can AFFORD to be without it.

☞ Thirty-two large octavo pages, published by Illustrated Monthly, at $2 Park Row, New York, at $1.00 per year in advance. SPECIMEN COPIES GRATIS.

D. C. LINSLEY, Editor and Proprietor.
OTIS F. R. WAITE, Associate Editor.

Newspapers giving the above advertisement two insertions, and sending a marked copy to A. G. HATCH, Windsor, Vt., will receive a copy of the paper one year free.
A. G. HATCH, General Agent.

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CELEBRATED NOISELESS
SEWING MACHINES,
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Our Patents being now established by the Courts, we are enabled to furnish the GROVER & BAKER Machine, with important improvements, at greatly

REDUCED PRICES.

The moderate prices at which Machines, making the GROVER & BAKER stitch, can now be had, brings them within the reach of all, and renders the use of Machines making inferior stitches as unnecessary as it is useless.

Persons desiring the best Machines, and the right to use them, must not only be sure to buy Machines making the GROVER & BAKER stitch, but such Machines are made and stamped under our patents and those of ELIAS HOWE, JR.
GROVER & BAKER S. M. CO.,
495 Broadway, New York.

A CARD FROM ELIAS HOWE, JR.

All persons are cautioned not to make, deal in, or use any Sewing Machines which sew from two spools and make the stitch known as the GROVER & BAKER stitch, unless the same are purchased from the GROVER & BAKER Sewing Machine Company, or their Agents, or Licensees, and stamped under my patent of September 10, 1846.

Said Company, and their own Licensees, alone, are legally authorized under their own patents, and my said patent, during the extended term thereof, to make and sell this kind of Sewing Machine, and all others are piracies upon my said patent, and will be dealt with accordingly, wherever found.
ELIAS HOWE, JR.
*New York.* nov28-9m

SILVER WARE.

We have now on hand a large assortment of Silver Ware, comprising Plain and Fancy patterns of *Spoons, Forks, Ladles, Cream and Sugar Spoons, Butter Knives, and Napkin Rings, &c., &c.* The above articles made for our own sales, are *warranted equal to coin*, and sold at the lowest prices.
CASSIDY & BALL,
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RATES OF ADVERTISING.
Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

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IN THE
GARDEN STATE OF THE WEST.
THE
ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY
HAVE FOR SALE
1,500,000 ACRES OF RICH
FARMING LANDS,
IN TRACTS OF FORTY ACRES AND UPWARD,
ON
LONG CREDIT AND AT LOW PRICES.

The attention of the enterprising and industrious portion of the community is directed to the following statements and liberal inducements offered them by the
ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY,
which, we feel sure they perceive, will secure them, by prudent energy, perseverance and industry, to purchase comfortable homes for themselves and families, with a moderate sparkling, very little capital.

I. LANDS OF ILLINOIS.

No State in the Valley of the Mississippi offers so great an inducement to the settler as the State of Illinois. There is no portion of the world where all the conditions of climate and soil are so admirably combined to produce those two great staples, Corn and Wheat, as the Prairies of Illinois.

II. EASTERN AND SOUTHERN MARKETS.

These lands are contiguous to a railroad 700 miles in length, which connects with other roads, and navigable lakes and rivers, thus affording an unbroken communication with the Eastern and Southern markets.

III. RAILROAD SYSTEM OF ILLINOIS.

Over $50,000,000 of private capital have been expended on the railroad system of Illinois—a large portion of the business of which is transacted by means of the bonds and stock of the State, which can be purchased in the market at a reduction of twenty per cent. from par, which is reduced below par only to diminish the State Revenues, the TAXES ARE LIGHT, and must, consequently, every day decrease.

IV. THE STATE DEBT.

The State Debt is only $10,161,000 '54, and within the last three years, has been reduced $3,000,000 00; and we may reasonably expect that in ten years it will become extinct.

V. PRESENT POPULATION.

The State is rapidly filling up with population, 800,000 persons having been added since 1850, making the present population 1,719,499—a ratio of 103 per cent. in ten years.

VI. AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The Agricultural Products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The Products sent out during the past year exceeded 1,000,000 tons. The wheat crop of 1860 approaches 36,000,000 bushels, while the corn crop yields not less than 140,000,000 bushels.

VII. FERTILITY OF THE SOIL.

Nowhere can the industrious farmer secure such immediate results for his labor as upon these prairie soils, they being composed of a deep, rich loam, the fertility of which is unsurpassed by any on the globe.

VIII. TO ACTUAL CULTIVATORS.

Since 1854, the Company have sold 1,200,000 acres. They sell only to actual cultivators, and every contract contains an agreement to cultivate. The road has been constructed through these lands at an expense of $60,000,000. In 1850, the population of the forty-nine counties through which it passes was only 288,569 since which 1,097,930 have been added, making the whole population 816,891—a gain of 140 per cent.

IX. EVIDENCES OF PROSPERITY.

As an evidence of the thrift of the people, it may be stated that 600,000 tons of freight, including 8,000,000 bushels of grain and 250,000 barrels of flour were forwarded over the line last year.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT.

The prices of these lands vary from $6 to $25 per acre, according to location, quality, &c.—First-class farming lands sell for about $10 or $12 per acre; and the relative expense of subduing prairie land as compared with wood land is in the ratio of 1 to 10 in favor of the former.—The terms of sale for the bulk of these lands will be

ONE YEAR'S INTEREST IN ADVANCE

at six per cent. per annum, and six interest notes at six per cent., payable respectively in one, two, three, four, five, and six years from date of sale; and four notes for principal, payable in four, five, six, and seven years from date of sale; the contract stipulating that one-tenth of the tract purchased shall be fenced and cultivated, each and every year, for five years from the date of sale, so that at the end of five years one-half shall be fenced and under cultivation.

TWENTY PER CENT. WILL BE DEDUCTED from the valuation for cash, except the same should be at six dollars per acre, when the cash price will be five dollars.

Pamphlets descriptive of the lands, soil, climate, productions, prices, and terms of payment, can be had on application to

J. W. FOSTER, LAND COMMISSIONER,
ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD,
Chicago, Illinois.

For the names of the Towns, Villages and Cities situated upon the Illinois Central Railroad see pages 188, 189, 190, Appleton's Railway Guide. jan 19-4t

AMERICAN STOCK JOURNAL.—The Third Volume commences January 1st, 1861. Devoted especially to matters relating to domestic animals. The largest and cheapest paper of the kind in the world. Published Monthly, at No. 25 Park Row, New York. Price $1 per year in advance. Specimen copies gratis.
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ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $5 to $7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 PER DAY can be REALIZED. For particulars, address (with stamp,)
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## MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF LAXATIVES.—There is a necessity for the administration of Laxatives in a large majority of the diseases to which the human system is subject. Whether the patient be in the paroxysm of a violent fever, or the victim of a chronic disease, a Laxative is required to assist in the removal of the offending matter. Without this assistance, the most skillful treatment will prove unavailing, and the most powerful remedies will be administered in vain, until they cease "native and to the manner born."

Costiveness, Constipation, or Costiveness.

No one of the "many ills flesh is heir to" is so prevalent, so little understood, and so much neglected as Costiveness. Other diseases, such as Cholera, Dysentery, or Sedentary habits; it is regarded as a slight disorder of too little consequence to excite anxiety, while in reality it is the precursor and companion of many of the most fatal and dangerous diseases, and unless early eradicated it will bring the sufferer to an untimely grave. Among the lighter evils of which Costiveness is the usual attendant, are Headache, Colic, Rheumatism, Foul Breath, Piles, and others of like nature, quite a long list of frightful diseases, such as Malignant Fevers, Jaundice, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Dyspepsia, Apoplexy, Palsy, and Liver Complaint, all of which commence in Costiveness. Let individuals in whom the first symptoms of this disorder should appear, administer to themselves whatever it seems, and no person should neglect to get a box of Cephalic Pills on the first appearance of the complaint, as their timely use will expel the insidious approaches of disease and destroy this dangerous foe to human life.

A Real Blessing.

*Physician*—Well, Mrs. Jones, how is that headache?

*Mrs. Jones*—Gone! Doctor, all gone! the pill you sent cured me in just twenty minutes, and I wish you would send more, so that I can have them handy.

*Physician*—You can get them at any Druggist's. Call for Cephalic Pills. I find they never fail, and I recommend them in all cases of Headache.

*Mrs. Jones*—I shall send for a box directly, and shall tell all my suffering friends, for they are a *real blessing.*

FACT WORTH KNOWING.—Spalding's Cephalic Pills are a certain cure for Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Nervous Headache, Costiveness and General Debility.

CEPHALIC PILLS,
CURE SICK HEADACHE!
CEPHALIC PILLS,
CURE NERVOUS HEADACHE!
CEPHALIC PILLS,
CURE ALL KINDS OF HEADACHE!

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea and Headache* to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels,—removing *Costiveness.*

*For Literary Men, Students,* Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits,* they are valuable as a *Laxative,* improving the *appetite,* giving *tone and vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the *nervous system,* or from a deranged state of the *stomach.*

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety, without making any change of diet, and *the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.*

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

The genuine have *five* signatures of Henry C Spalding on each Box.

Sold by Druggists and all other dealers in Medicines.

A Box will be sent by mail pre-paid on receipt of the

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nov27-1y

## Wit and Humor.

### UGLY MUG.

A Young Monkey, in the absence of a fellow, sat at the counter of Mr. B. Dandelion, doing a considerable of an Ugly Mug business in the Fruit line.

A Miss not at all disliking of, Mr. Sly?" demanded the ugly Mug.

"Of my flower, sir," replied the young Monkey, still brooding kindly.

"Your sister?" resumed the ugly Mug, getting very red.

"She is dead so, sir," replied the young Monkey; "I had a letter from her this morning."

"Indeed! and when does she say?" inquired the Mug, pushing a bottle of Cape Madeira toward the young Monkey.

"She says, sir," rejoined the latter, "that she would be exceedingly pleased if I would send him your portrait to put in a locket."

"Ha!" cried the ugly Mug, radiant with vanity. "Fill your glass, Mr. Sly, and I shall be your debtor for ever!" "You shall have it, Mr. Sly; fill your glass, sir; your health, Mr. Sly."

Meanwhile the young Monkey who goes to sea should always have a pretty sister; he may thereby obtain many letters to her address sweet to a young Monkey on occasions, if he happens to meet with the ugly mug of a First Lieutenant.

DESIGNS OF RECOVERY.—A good story is told of Bouvart, a celebrated French physician. On entering one morning the chamber of a marquis, who he had attended through a very dangerous illness, he was accosted by his noble patient in the following terms:

"Good day to you, Mr. Bouvart; I feel quite in spirits, I think my fever has left me."

"I am sure it has," replied Bouvart, dryly. "The very first expression you used convinces me of it."

"Pray explain yourself."

"Nothing is easier. In the first days of your illness, when your life was in danger, I was your *dearest friend*; as you began to get better, I was your *good Bouvart*; and now I am *Mr.* Bouvart. Depend upon it, you are quite recovered."

TRYING THE COLOR.—I had stopped at a store in Missouri to purchase some little article, when my attention was directed to an old lady who was examining a piece of calico. She pulled it this way and that, as if she would tear it to pieces, held it up to the light in different positions, spat on a corner and rubbed it between her fingers to try if the colors were good. She then stood still awhile, seemingly not entirely satisfied. At last she cut off a piece with the clerk's scissors, and handing it to a tall, gawky-looking girl, of about sixteen, standing beside her, said:—"Here, Liz Jane, you take 'n chew that, 'n see of 't fades." And Liz Jane put it into her mouth, and dutifully went to work.

A CHARGE OF A JURY.—A certain sea-captain, who had a considerable interest with his brother officers and the cook aboard his vessel, were once to be tried for an offence against the laws of the navy of such a nature as put their lives in some jeopardy. The cook displayed every mark of fear and apprehension for his safety. The captain, on the contrary, seemed in very good spirits, and said—

"Cheer up, man; why should you be cast down? I fear nothing, and why should you?"

"Why, faith, your honor," replied the fellow, "I should be as courageous as you are if we were to be tried by a jury of cooks."

NEW EXPERIENCE.—A double-bedded room does not mean, in the United States, a room with two beds, but a bed with two persons in it. During the great embargo, I happened to be in Charleston, South Carolina, when the landlord proposed to me to sleep with a dirty-looking foreign officer.

"If I cannot have a separate bed," I said, "I prefer sitting by the fire all night to sleeping with that—Russian!"

"It is a Russian, sir!" said a tall, thin, inquisitive Yankee, who stood listening to the conversation. "Is he a Russian? I'll take him, then, if it continues yon, stranger. I should rather like it, for I never slept with a Russian."

A SMART REPLY.—When the late King of Denmark was visiting England, he frequently honored Sir Thomas Robinson with his company, though the knight spoke French in a very imperfect manner, and the King had scarcely any knowledge of English. One day, when Sir Thomas was in company with the late Lord Chesterfield, he boasted much of his intimacy with the King, and added "that he believed the monarch had a greater friendship for him than any man in England."

"How report lies!" exclaimed Lord Chesterfield; "I heard, no later than this day, that you never met but a great deal of bad language passed between you."

AN IRISH PALACE.—A countryman overheard one of his party lamenting his hard-ships since coming to America; drawing, for sentiment, a bright sketch of his life in the "old country."

"Oh," said the complainer, with a sigh, "if I was only back agin to me father's palace!"

"Your father's palace is it?" responded a fellow-countryman, with a jolly squint of his eye at the discarded "noble ears." "Sure, an as ye was, ye might stand on the ground and make your own down the chimbley and save the door an it."

VERY REASONABLE.—A man was asked at dinner whether he would take some apple-pie?

"I don't know, Sir!" replied Tubby. "To be sure I like it!" "Perhaps," said the host, "you had an apple that was killed yesterday, rather enough. I thought something of the same sort."

From the Boston Transcript tells the following: "We must tell a little incident that occurred here recently, on the floor of the Astor House on fire—which, we think Mrs. Partington, New York life. A foreigner, before unacquainted, paid rooms at the Astor House, and happened to arrive on the morning of that fire, when the roar of the house was in a blaze. Not being used to fire engines, and the confusion and bustle of fires, he was induced to inquire of the hackman the occasion of all this commotion. 'Oh, nothing,' said he; only the back of the house is on fire.' 'But do you expect me to stop here?' 'Oh yes; they will put it out,' said off he dumped the luggage into the hands of the porter. Again said the foreigner: 'Do you expect me to stop here?' 'Oh, yes; they will put the fire out; it has only reached the next partition but one.' 'Can I have a room?' asked he. 'Certainly, sir; I will show you one.' 'But the house is on fire.' Waiter.—'Oh, yes; they will put it out.' In he was ushered to a room half filled with smoke, the chambermaid blandly asking him if he would take a bath. 'But,' said he, 'do you expect me to prepare for a bath while the house is on fire?' 'Oh, sir,' said she, 'they will put it out.' 'I can't stand this;' and, preparing to leave, he passed a room where some twenty persons were at breakfast, and reading the newspapers quite leisurely. Cut and slash go the axes against the partition next to him. 'What now?' asked the foreigner. 'Oh, the firemen are only working in the next room; they will put it out, sir.' Out he rushed into the Park, and found means to get his luggage with him; and, after taking a survey of the crowd of twenty thousand persons, of the blowing steam-engines, and the water spouting, he procured a carriage, and was last seen traveling away, and, it may be, like Peter Rugg of old, he is still traveling."

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.—A few days since, the directors of a bank in State street were assembled in their parlor, more as a matter of habit than for the purpose of considering the credit of any applicants for discount, as their book had not been opened for some time. The financial flurry gave a subdued tone to their conversation, and they were a rather melancholy appearance. While looking into their minds for a gleam of sunshine, a gentleman with a white neckcloth, entered and took his seat. The directors looked at the unbidden guest, who closed his eyes and folded his hands. Not a word was said. Two minutes passed in silence. The guest opened his eyes, looked around, and finding himself the object of attention, said in a mild voice, "Perhaps I've made a mistake. Isn't this where the prayer-meeting is held?"—*Boston Bee. Gazette.*

A NEW SIGN IN THE MOON.—A man having gone to Carlton Hill Observatory, near Edinburgh, to get a sight of the moon, after having got a glance of it, drew away his head to wipe his eyes, and in the interval, the end of the telescope noiselessly fell down, so as, instead of pointing to the heavens, to point down to the earth. The surprise was unutterable when he again looked through, and beheld the sign of a public house at a short distance, with the customary declarations.—"Edinburgh ale," &c. He started back, and exclaimed—"Edinburgh ale in the moon! preserve us, that beats a'!"

A QUAKER LETTER.—The following is taken from an English paper:—"Friend John, I desire thee to be so kind as to go to one of those sinful men in the flesh, called attorneys, and let him take out an instrument with a seal thereto, by means whereof we may seize the outward tabernacle of George Green, and bring him before the lambskin men at Westminster, and teach him to do in future as he would be done by.—Thy friend, R. C. W.

TWO EPITAPHS.—In Chatham churchyard, by a husband on the death of his wives:—

ON THE FIRST.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

ON THE SECOND.

"I called upon the Lord, and He heard me, and *delivered me out of all my troubles.*"

HOW IT HAPPENED.—A country apothecary, not a little distinguished for his impudence, with a hope of disconcerting a young clergyman, whom he knew to be a man of singular modesty, asked him, in the hearing of a large company, "Why the patriarchs of old lived to such an extreme age?" To which the clergyman replied, "I suppose the patriarchs took no physic."

WEDDING CEREMONIES ON THE ALPS.—There are still many of the old customs remaining, of which one of the most peculiar is the wedding, which has some of the features of those in the northern part of Germany. An orator is the bearer of invitations, who is often the village schoolmaster. He makes a formal speech before every house which all the people run to hear. On the morning of the wedding he accompanies the bridegroom and groomsmen to the house of the bride, where they breakfast together; after which he makes a speech to the father and mother, recounting to them all the noble qualities of the bridegroom, and beseeching them to give their daughter willingly away, as he is sure a long life of happiness is in store for her. A rival orator then "takes the word," and presents the dark side of the picture, all the difficulties of the new position, and the virtues of the bride. After this preliminary discussion the bride departs with her betrothed by church, amidst prayers and tears and good wishes; and to keep up her spirits, musicians cheer her way with song.—*The Cottage of the Alps. By a Lady.*

☞ There is nothing that we can properly call our own but our time; and yet everybody feels as out of it that has a mind to it.

HOW A GHOST OUGHT NOT TO LOOK.

EXCITED THEATRICAL PROMPTER (to the ghost of Hamlet's Father, who is working himself up to the most funereal respect he can assume).—"Now, then, Walker, LOOK ALIVE!"

THE CROW WITNESSES.—Luther tells a story of a certain German who, in his travels, fell among thieves; and they being about to cut his throat, the poor man espied a flight of crows, and cried out, "Oh, crows! I take you for my witnesses and revengers of my death." About two or three days after, these thieves, drinking together at an inn, a company of crows came and alighted upon the top of the house. At this the thieves began to laugh, and, said one of them, "Look! yonder are they who must avenge his death whom we lately slew." The taster, overhearing this, declared it to the magistrate, who caused them to be apprehended; and, in consequence of the contradictory statements and evasive answers, urged them so far that they confessed the truth, and received their deserved punishment.

LEICKHAMPTON CUSTOM.—A curious custom was recently exhibited in this village (in Gloucestershire) by what is called a "rough band." About ten o'clock in the evening a large number of boys, with kettles and the effigy of a woman, paraded the road leading to the pound, with a noisy clattering of pots and pans. I took some trouble to learn the reason, and heard that on the preceding evening a man had been locked out of his house by his harsh-tempered spouse. The youth of the village accordingly took the law into their hands, and, as custom directed, dressed out an image of a woman, which they conducted with this solemn pomp to the pound, where it was for a short time imprisoned. It was then taken before the woman's cottage and burned with rustic honors.—*Notes and Queries.*

"HE IS FAITHFUL."—In early days, we do not take much notice of that expression. We take it as a matter of course that our Master should be "faithful." We don't know that *faithfulness* is anything redarkable, or unusual, even among human beings, and we hardly see what need there is of telling us what, without telling, we should be sure to believe to be true. But as years lengthen, and experience takes the place of expectation, we learn to feel very differently, until, at last, when we have found how everybody and everything on earth deceives or fails us, we cling to that one sentence, "A FAITHFUL GOD," as the *only* sure hope of our souls.

## Agricultural.

A SMALL FARM.—Our farmers cultivate too much land, or "skin" too much; they really cultivate too little. In Rome, the largest farms were only allowed to contain seven acres; in Judea, under Moses' law, only sixteen to twenty acres. It is a miserable farmer who requires two hundred or three hundred acres of land to get a living on. Farmers should sow less, and plough more—strip to their work, and not grumble about the weather, the crops, and their tedsome lives; they should use their brains more and their muscles less. They should make their homes pleasant, their kitchens convenient, and train and inspire their sons with rural taste, and make good scientific wives and housewives of their daughters. Do not let the children get into the notion that agriculture is drudgery. It may make the most pleasant, profitable, honorable, and healthful of all pursuits, and it establishes neighborhoods, and leads to the amenities of life.—*J. N. Lincoln's Address.*

STUFFING HOUSES' FEET.—A writer in the Country Gentleman, says that a horse's foot should be stuffed the night before shoeing. The object is *to soften the hoof* so as to be easily cut. It is done by binding on tow, well wet with water. If the hoof be a healthy one, no harm is done. If the heel is very low, stuffing may not be necessary. Stuffing with cow dung as is sometimes practiced, is objectionable, and should never be practiced. Clay, wet with water, is good, but dries too soon. A better hoof may be improved by anointing with a mixture of lard, beeswax, and tar, melted together. Never allow a horse to stand on the straw cut by cutters. In shoeing, do not make the double cant so sharp as the outer one.

### SORGHUM SYRUP.

A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer* says:—

In reply to your inquiry of the 22nd inst., with regard to the Sorghum Cane, I would take pleasure in saying to your readers that I have this year manufactured for myself and my neighbors six hundred gallons of the sorghum syrup.

I have used Cook's Evaporator No. 2, which is a small size. The entire expense of rigging the Evaporator and Mill was about one hundred and five dollars.

We manufactured from the cane, from 20 to 40 gallons per day, working only during the day time.

The reason why we manufactured so much more some days than others, was from the fact that our evaporator was not protected by any shed or building, and when the wind blew hard it seemed to cool the pan nearly as fast as we could heat it, so that the evaporation necessarily progressed more slowly. The evaporator should stand within an inclosed building.

The color of the syrup which I manufactured was not quite as light as honey strained from new comb, but about that of honey strained from old comb. That made from cane cut before it was perfectly ripe, was of a dark color, about like ordinary New Orleans molasses; while that which was manufactured at just the right time (which is just before frost) was of the color of new honey. If the frost bites the cane, and it is manufactured soon after, it is not injured; but if it be allowed to lay a week or two, it gives the syrup an unpleasant flavor.

That which I worked yielded from 200 to 240 gallons per acre.

There is no danger of burning the syrup unless you let the pan get nearly empty, which is unnecessary. In fact I do not think it would be possible to burn it with a wood fire.

The flavor of the syrup made from ripe cane, has been pronounced by all who have tested it to be, in commercial language, A No. 1.

With regard to what our old friend the Ohio Farmer has seen, or perhaps more truly has not seen, of the raising of Sorghum in the North-West, I have only to say, that the probabilities are that he has not travelled in our section of the country; for mine is only one of a large number of mills that have been operating this season within the circle of my observation. Although superficial observers, may croak loud and long, that the raising of their own sugar, by the farmers of the North, is a failure, still I am satisfied from the little experience and observation that I have had in the business, that the introduction of Sorghum to our soil and climate is an entire and complete success. And I would say to my brother farmers of the North-West, "don't pay eighty cents per gallon for imported molasses when you can make a better article for twenty-five cents." Yours,

HOPKINS SHIVERS.

*Dayton, Nov. 27th, 1860.*

STEAM PLOUGHING.—Competent authority has decided that crops raised on steam-ploughed land, are less dependent on the vicissitudes of the weather, than on land ploughed in the ordinary way. The soil is more deeply worked, unbroden by horses; is found to be moist when other land is suffering by drought; the corn is stout and flourishing, while ordinary managed crops are weak and flaccid. The difference in favor of the steam-worked soil is reckoned at eight bushels per acre. In working, it is found that there is not only a saving of cost in each operation, as compared with horse work, but there is a further saving in the number of operations, owing to the greater efficiency of steam tillage.—*Robert Scott Burn, in Notes on Canterbury Show.*

THE BRITTANY COW.—A wealthy farmer of Pennsylvania is about to import a number of the "Brittany cow" from France. This is a small cow, barely three feet high, very docile, somewhat but little more than a goat, but gives from eight to ten quarts of milk per day. This breed has recently been introduced in England, and is very popular.

### TELLING SECRETS.

I must relate my first and last experiment in training my eldest boy to keep family secrets. He was a chatter-box, and as he often visited among strangers without me, I was fearful he might tell more than he should. On taking him on my knee I said—

"My dear, you must never tell anything we say, or let out my plans to any one—especially to Mrs. Jones!"

His quick mind comprehended me in an instant, and with a very confirmed look, he promised obedience. A few days after he entered my room with an air of triumph, and said—

"Mamma, I minded you. Mrs. Jones asked me when you was going to New York, and I said, 'I can't tell you, for my mamma don't wish you to know anything of her plans!'"

In my condemnation I was tempted to reproach the innocent boy, but, upon a moment's thought, I let the matter pass, knowing that it could not be explained or exicused, and persevering to find the friendship of Mrs. Jones rather than only his pure, trusting spirit with a lesson of worldly policy. When his younger brother was more quiet boy, but equally fond of visiting, and a great pet and darling with all who knew him, became old enough to betray family secrets, I gave him no caution, but trusted to his common sense. One day, on returning from an errand at a neighboring house, he stood awhile absorbed in thought, and then said—

"Mamma, what shall I say when people ask me, 'What is your mother doing?' and 'What did you have for dinner?'"

"What did you say, my dear?" said I.

"Why," said he, looking bashfully aside, "I said, 'I guess it is time for me to go!'"

SNORING OF OWLS.—A traveling party, whose destination was an old English mansion, being detained on the road, did not arrive till long after the household had retired for the night. On reaching at length their journey's end, they pulled up at the ancient gateway of the mansion, and for a long time knocked, rang, and shouted, without being able to rouse the inmates. What made their detention the more annoying was the audible snoring, as they thought, of some person or persons fast asleep almost close at hand, in fact so close, that the sound seemed to proceed from immediately over the portals at which the party sought admission. Admitted at length, they asked, with some impatience, who were those obstinate sleepers, that still snored and slumbered on, regardless of such loud appeals from benighted travelers. The reply was that the snorers were owls, who built over the gateway, not human beings.

## Useful Receipts.

FURS.—Fine furs should be kept in a cold place. An experienced dealer will tell, the moment he puts his hand on a piece of fur, if it has been lying in a warm dry atmosphere; it renders the fur harsh, dry, and shabby, entirely destroying the rich smooth softness which it will have if kept in a cold room.—*The Lady's Newspaper.*

WESTPHALIA HAMS.—Prepare the hams in the usual manner by rubbing them with common salt and draining them; take one ounce of saltpetre, one half-pound of coarse sugar, and the same quantity of salt; rub it well into the ham, and in three days pour a pint of vinegar over it. A fine foreign flavor may also be given to hams by pouring old strong beer over them, and burning juniper wood while they are drying; molasses, juniperberries, and highly-flavored herbs, such as basil, sage, bay-leaves, and thyme, mingled together, and the hams well rubbed with it, using only a sufficient quantity of salt to assist in the cure, will afford an agreeable variety. —*London Paper.*

TO PRESERVE EGGS.—Provide a small cupboard, safe, or tier of shelves; bore the shelves full of holes one and a quarter inches in diameter, and place the eggs in them, point downwards. They will keep sound for several months. Other modes, such as packing in salt, etc., depend for their success simply on placing the points down; the shelves are more convenient and accessible.

KITCHEN ODORS.—A skillful housekeeper says, that the unpleasant odors arising from boiling ham, cabbage, etc., is completely corrected by throwing whole red peppers into the pot—at the same time that the flavor of the food is improved. It is said that pieces of charcoal will produce the same effect.

### SOME CHOICE RECEIPTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ICED SPANISH BUNS.—Mix 6 oz. butter with ½ lb. white sugar; add 1 teacup cream; beat 4 eggs separately, and put in. Have weighed 2 lb. sifted flour, 1 teacup Zante currants; add these. Dissolve 1 teaspoonful car. soda in rose water; one teaspoonful cream tirtar to the same, but in another cup. Ice these and cut into squares.

RECAHOUT.—(FOOD FOR INVALIDS.)—Rice flour 5 oz.; arrowroot 3 oz.; powdered sugar 8 oz.; cocoa 2 oz.; vanilla bean 2 drachms. Rub the sugar and vanilla together, and then mix all together. A good substitute may be prepared by mixing together 1 teaspoonful of vanilla chocolate, a level tablespoonful of arrowroot, do. of rice flour; this will make 1 pint.

To prepare recahout for the sick take 1 or 2 tablespoonsful of the mixture, (according as it be desired thick or thin,) rub it up with a little cold milk, and stir into a pint of boiling milk; boil 15 minutes, and sweeten to taste.

A MUCILAGE THAT WILL KEEP.—Take of powdered gumarabic 6 oz.; sugar 1 oz.; water 6 oz.; vinegar 4 oz.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—1½ oz. isinglass, dissolved in 1 pint water; let it simmer to ½ pint. Make a custard of 4 eggs to 1 pint milk; cool it; boil a vanilla bean in the milk, whip 1 qt. of cream to a froth, lay it on a sieve after it is whipped; stir the custard into the isinglass, then add the whipped cream, beat all together. Line a glass dish with sponge cake, and serve.

## The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 37 letters.

My 1, 2, 7, 8, 5 is found on the sea shore.

My 3, 2, 6, 7, 5 is an animal.

My 4, 2, 6, 5, 5, is a man's name.

My 4, 6, 2, 6, 5, is what a ball is for.

My 8, 5, 1, 6, 5, is another word for dance.

My 6, 5, 4, 5, 5, is a value in singing.

My 7, 5, 5, 3, 5, is an island in the Ohio river.

My 8, 5, 7, 1, 5, is a title of nobles.

My whole is a country.

The last letters reversed give the answer, as well as the initials. CHAS. W. LARDE.

*Portsmouth, Ohio.*

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 8, 13, 5, is a river in Europe.

My 19, 26, 6, is a river in Louisiana.

My 14, 2, 17, 28, is a river in North Carolina.

My 4, 16, 18, 19, 10, 17, is a river in South America.

My 29, 16, 15, 7, 30, is a river in France.

My 1, 10, 5, 1, 17, 3, is a river in Florida.

My 5, 12, 5, 6, 4, is a river in South Carolina.

My 15, 13, 10, 20, 18, 25, 5, is a river in Massachusetts.

My whole is a strength cast maxim one of the apple, which it would do well for all to strive to practice.

*Newberry, S. C.* C. C. BRUNTE.

DOUBLE RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The initials and finals form my whole.

To sound.

A time.

Two vowels.

A promontory.

Rubbish.

ENGLISH TOWNS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

BY GEORGE M. F. GLENNY.

1. A hole, a fish without its head, a weight in daily use;
2. A monarch, and a mineral—when properly curtailed;
3. A clever man who did some first-rate poetry produce;
4. Not dull, one half a metal which for strength has never failed;
5. The very opposite of low, an open kind of door;
6. A common cov'ring for the head, a horse's country seat;
7. A worn-out beast of burthen, a mandate some ignore;
8. That which we oft solicit, one half of what dogs eat;
9. A color used by artists all, a spacious house of prayer;
10. To trouble for a small account, a gentleman's delight;
11. A bird familiar to mankind, and that which robbers wear;
12. A comic fellow who creates amusement, when in sight.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three grocers, A, B, and C, rented a pasture for 7 weeks, for a certain sum, to be paid at the expiration of the term. A put A put 10 cows, B put 14 cows, and C put in 18 cows, when A finds that he must pay $80 per week. At the end of 3 weeks, A put in 10 cows, B put in 6 cows, and C put in 12 sheep, when B finds that he must pay $66.40 per week. On the expiration of 6 weeks, A put in 4 cows, B put in 25 sheep, and C put in 16 cows, when C finds that he must pay $93 per week. Required—The sum of money each must pay at the end of the seven weeks?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

*Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.*

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In raising a fund of $1,500, A gave one-half as much as B; B gave two-thirds as much as C; C gave three-fourths as much as D; and E gave four-fifths as much as E. The question is, how much did each of these men give, provided the whole $1,500 was thus raised by them alone?

PETER.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why does a man injure his stature by encouraging the growth of his whiskers? Ans.—because he begins to grow *down*.

☞ When are soldiers like good flannel? Ans.—When they don't shrink.

☞ If cheese comes after meat, what comes after cheese? Ans.—A mouse.

☞ Why is an Englishman like nineteen shillings? Ans.—Because he is under a sovereign.

☞ What are the most useful letters for a man of business? A Y Z (a wise head.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—The destruction of Jerusalem. SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.—Thou shalt love (by neighbor as thyself. DOUBLE REBUS.—Hoang-ho, in China. (Hayti, Oregon, Adriatic, North, Gaudaful, Hainan, Ouachita.) CHARADES.—1. Nankeen. 2. Courtship. 3. Laddie (lad-die.)

Answer to Thomas Henry's PROBLEM, published Dec. 15th:—Idie 9 days, Wm. T. Totten, Philadelphia. Idie 10 days, J. H. Lenhard, The Grove, Pa., and J. M. Palmer, N. Y. *Idie* 9 days, Cayne Fawcett, Ohio.

Answer to J. W. Hatcher's PROBLEM, published Dec. 15th:—$2.10 Set, J. H. Lenhard, Wm. T. Totten, Cayne Fawcett, Ohio; Daniel Perrine, Mayville, Ky.

Answer to Daniel Diefenbach's TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM, published Dec. 8th. The tract contains 210 acres. The two shorter sides measure 260 and 280 perches.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Answer to Daniel Diefenbach's ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM, published Dec. 8th. A got 20 acres and 33 perches; B got 30 acres and 81 perches; C got 30 acres and 81 perches; D got 30 acres and 123 perches; and E got 60 acres.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

*Franklin, Venango co., Pa.*

☞ A greenhorn, standing by a sewing machine at which a young lady was at work, looking alternately at the machine and at his fair operator, at length gave vent to his admiration with—"By golly! it's pretty, spunkily the part covered with calikee."